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by The Girl in the Forrest

Category: Danny Phantom, Young Justice

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Characters: Artemis C./Artemis, Danny F., Megan M./Miss Martian

Pairings: Danny F./Artemis C./Artemis

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 15:58:49

Updated: 2016-04-27 03:35:57

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:42:49

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 25,167

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: /AU/ They told him what he was; who he was. They hated him, they tortured him, they dissected him. He hated the humans and their white suits. He hated the fighting; The killing. He was Subject 43 inside the compound, but outside it, he had given himself a name: Phantom. "Everybody has that other half that lurks within their soul. Mine will either make me a hÑ"Đ³o or a mĩfî·sÊ±Ê™r."

1. The Beginning

So I've been thinking about this for a long time, and just decided to post this because, COME ON! I love the fandom. :D

Also keep in mind that I am open to ideas for Danny's reaction with the team! I already have my own plans, but torture advice will be helpful! I shall give your idea the full credit it deserves, and bashing will be decided soon! Pairings unknown!

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><p>Danny Phantom and Young Justice doesn't belong to me. Sad, though - I want another season of both.

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><p>The Beginning

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><p>Four year old boy Danny Fenton frowned at his friends, Sam Mason and Tucker Trowley.<p>

"But momma and daddy told me not to go in the basement," Danny explained to them as they walked to the highly inconspicuous Fenton

residence.

"They told you not to use the microwave either," Tucker pointed out. "Why's that?"

Danny shuddered. "Evil food," He monotoned, then jumped when Sam exclaimed, "I got it!"

Both Tucker and Danny turned to face the pink-hating girl. "Why don't we just go down into the basement and look? We're not touching any'ting, so your parents won't get mad!"

Danny and Tucker exchanged a glance. "Okay!" Danny said as he opened their house door and the three walked inside. "But we have to follow Daddy and Mommy's rules and not touch anything."

"Right!" Tucker and Sam agreed with large grins on their faces.

"What are you three talking about?"

An eight year old Jazz stood by the door, glancing at them curiously but also with a protective spark in her eyes.

"Weâ€¦ Umâ€¦" Tucker started, but failed in his attempt. Sam glared at the bashful boy and proclaimed loudly, "We want some cookies!"

Jazz snickered. "Sorry, the only food we have is moldy or frozen solid." Glancing behind her, she added, "Boy do I hate that microwaveâ€¦"

"Evil food," Danny agreed and walked past his sister, saying with a grin, "We're goin' to my room!"

As Sam and Tucker followed, Jazz called after him, "Okay! I'm gonna be in my room!"

Inside Danny's astronaut themed room, the three four year olds pondered what they were going to do.

"Could we sneak past her?" Tucker asked. Danny shook his head. "No, Jazzy is smart."

Sam frowned. "Could we ask her?"

Danny flailed his hands wildly. "No way! She'd put us all in those creepy suits Mommy and Daddy always wear!"

The three were silent, each wondering what they were going to do, until -

"Hey, Danny? I'm going to take a shower. You three behave!"

As the eight year old padded down the hallway, the three kids grinned.

While Jazz was in the shower and completely oblivious to what the threesome were planning, Danny, Sam, and Tucker tiptoed down the stairs and as Danny turned on the lights, their eyes grew

wide.

Machines, guns, half finished blueprints and various paper airplanes littered the tables. The ground was cement and freshly cleaned, but various scuff marks and green goo could be spotted. A fridge rested in the corner, and Tucker immediately headed for it, his nose attracted by the keen scent of meat.

"Don't Tucker, that's Daddy's food!" Danny called, to the boy's disappointment, and with a sigh, walked back over to Sam and Danny, casting forlorn glances at the mini fridge.

"Danny, look at this!"

At Sam's words, the two boys padded over and stared at the large, oval-shaped machine resting on the far wall.

Danny's blue eyes lit up with excitement and recognition. "This is the Portal thingy Uncle Mastahz and Mommy and Daddy was working on!" He cried. His face fell when he saw the large layer of dust on it. "But Uncle got hurt and they couldn't work on it anymore!"

Sam frowned and went closer to investigate. "Looks fine to me," She said.

Danny pulled her back from going inside. "Don't! Mommy and Daddy always told me not to touch anything in here!"

"What about this?" Tucker asked, and in his hands rested a regular baseball bat with the words "ANTI-CREEP STICK!" Emblazoned in neon on the wood.

"That's just da stalker stick," Danny replied with a shrug, and turned back to face Sam, only for his eyes to widen with horror as he saw Sam walking inside.

Using all of his four year old strength, Danny grabbed her and flung her out! But her weight was too much, and he stumbled, tripped on a cord, his hand automatically resting on a wall for support-

And then all he could feel was pain.

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><p>The Beginning

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><p>Several months had passed since the accident, when Sam and Tucker had half-carried, half-dragged Danny's body up the stairs and pounded on the shower door, where a confused Jazz had emerged, only for her eyes to widen with horror as she realized Danny. Wasn't. Breathing.<p>

Instructing Sam to call 911, Jazz tried CPR, but when that didn't work, went frantic with worry.

Tucker was crying and hugging Danny, blubbering over his best friend's lifeless body.

Five minutes later, Maddie and Jack entered the scene, taking charge and leaving the three kids to keep watch for the coming ambulance. They performed CPR, but when no results occurred, grabbed ventilators and electric shocked him.

After three tries, Danny shot upright, his normally calm blue eyes glowing an ectoplasmic green, and he screamed. He screamed and screamed, the sound vibrating the house and causing windows to crack.

Then he passed out, two rings travelling up his body as his appearance changed. White hair, black hazmat suit and gloves. Combat boots.

Jack and Maddie knew what their son was.

After equipping them all with weird looking belts, the Fentons drilled the terrified Sam and Tucker, who quickly spilled the beans, saying that Sam wanted to go inside the portal thingy, but Danny pulled her back and fell inside, and the thing turned on.

Jack was ecstatic to find that their invention worked, but the pressing knowledge of what their son was quickly returned to them.

Slowly, they explained that Danny was dead. That he was dead, but he wanted to have some fun, so he came back as a ghost.

Sam and Tucker were terrified, and Jazz was near tears. It was her fault her brother died.

When Danny emerged from his coma several days after the accident, Jack and Maddie both agreed to tell their son the truth. The four year old was terrified at the idea of never growing up, but soon the idea of outliving his family shocked him.

His parents helped him, searching for a cure and trying to get him to master his abilities at the same time.

Danny soon overcame his fear of outliving his parents when it came obvious he was still aging and changing. Jack and Maddie had their suspicions, but the grinning face of their ghostly son when he realized he wasn't going to stay as a four year old forever got them to put their words aside.

Jazz had taken the revelation of her half-dead brother rather well, and she pursued the career of a psychologist in order to help her little brother. Tucker and Sam visited almost every day, sad when Danny wasn't allowed to come to their houses anymore but overjoyed when they were still allowed to come over.

Danny had some trouble from time to time, like sinking into the floor or turning invisible. Once he accidentally set off the ghost alarm in the basement, warranting the integration of Danny's Ecto-signature into the alarm system so that he would have free reigns of the Fenton household.

Jack and Maddie were learning far more about ghosts than they believed. Their earlier claims of ghosts being mere shells of their past selves was utter bullshit. By closely monitoring their son, the

two Fentons came to the conclusion that ghosts weren't evil, heartless creatures. They were simply human beings who had determined wills that got them sent into the afterlife.

After a surprising encounter with the Box Ghost, as he called himself, Danny dubbed the creature 'Boxy' and Jack and Maddie were always quite entertained by the Ghost's visits. Annoyed by the takeover of cardboard in their home, but entertained nonetheless.

After five months of learning more and more about ghosts, adjusting the portal and making sure Danny's condition was a closely kept secret, it all went to hell when the man in the white suit knocked on their front door.

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><p>The Beginning

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><p>"Jack, answer the door!" Maddie yelled from the kitchen, frantically trying to keep a floating Danny away from the freshly made brownies.<p>

"Riiiiiiight~!" Jack yelled, and barreled down the hallway, only to trip on Tucker's skateboard.

"Oooowâ€|"

Jazz rolled her eyes and nimbly jumped over her Father's body, headed for the door and yelling over her shoulder, "You gotta move dad!"

"TUCKER! THIS SHALL BE THE LAST TIME-" Maddie started. Jazz squeezed her eye into the peephole, and her eyes went wide as she saw the man standing on their doorstep, dressed in a stark white suit and holding a briefcase. His eyes were covered with sunglasses, and his demeanor made him veryâ€| business-like.

"Mom, there's a dude in a suit by the door!" Jazz yelled behind her, then opened the door, internally praying that Danny was in his human form and not floating anywhere.

"This is the Fenton residence?" The man asked her. Jazz nodded, wondering why the man would ask with the giant sign pointing at their roof.

"Come on in," She offered, and the man did so, peering at their entry way curiously. Eyeing the man nervously, Jazz rolled her eyes at the still hunched over form of her Father, who jumped to his feet when Jazz proclaimed loudly enough to cause Danny's ghost hearing to pick up, "We have a guest!"

Hearing the hushed tones from the kitchen and faint buzzing sound, Jazz breathed a sigh of relief as she knew Danny was back in human form, probably eyeing the brownies forlornly as he had to wait for Ectoplasm to be injected into the delicate treat.

"What brings you to our humble abode?" Jack asked the man after he

had nearly taken his hand off.

"I'm here on official government business," The man said, eyeing his sore hand with a cringe.

Jack nodded, waving his ape-like hands dismissively. "Right right, we've gotcha covered!"

As her father turned to lead the man down the hallway, she didn't miss the determined and suspicious gleam in her father's eyes.

Right away she headed for her room to grab the anti-creep stick. If dad was suspicious of a person, then that meant he was a bad guy.

And bad guys always got their asses kicked by the Fenton family.

"Mom, a government person is here," Jazz hissed to her mother, who nodded her head and handed Tucker and Sam each a brownie, gave Danny one and handed Jazz the ectoplasm syringe and instructed them to: "Go straight to Danny's room and stay there until our guest is gone."

Taking heed of the dark gleam in her mother's eye, Jazz ushered the three four year olds upstairs and quickly fastened the lock on Danny's door, closed the blinds and tried to keep the three little kids occupied, when she was terrified herself.

Something inside her told her that something really, really bad was going to happen.

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><p>The Beginning

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><p>"So, what brings you to our home?" Jack asked again. He and Maddie were sitting on the couch, their guest sitting across from them.<p>

"Like I said, official government business," The man repeated. The man checked his watch, then sighed.

>"My title is Agent O, and I work for an Anti-Supernatural organization that has recognized your family's expertise in ghost hunting."<p>

Jack and Maddie exchanged a glance. This didn't sound too good.

"There have been rumors in this town that your entire family possess the knowledge to hunt ghosts, as well as the proper intellect and inventions. Is this true?"

Jack was very happy Jazz had grabbed the anti-creep stick, because he was pretty convinced that if the faithful family baseball bat was anywhere near his grasp, this 'Agent Ojo' would be sent flying out of their house.

Maddie glanced at Jack, and then turned to face the agent. "Yes, that was true once," She started, "but Jack and I have decided to retire from the business for a while and focus more on being parents for our children."

Agent O nodded, a cunning smile slipping onto his face that raised the hair on the back of Jack's neck. This manâ€¦

"Ah yesâ€¦ your children. Jasmine 'Jazz' Fenton, age eight. Seems to be pursuing a promising career in psychology to help out her little brother."

Jack's face went red, and his fists were clenched into huge battering rams as he saw the agent in a new light. This manâ€¦

"And the most promising member of your householdâ€¦ Daniel 'Danny' Fenton. Deceased at the age of fourâ€¦"

The blood drained from both Jack and Maddie's faces. This manâ€¦

"...but he came back, correct? He's a ghost now. And your family is harboring a valuable test subject for yourselves-"

"Ghosts aren't what we used to believe!" Jack thundered. "They have emotions, thoughts, hobbies and interests! While some pose a grave threat to humankind, others are so harmless it's laughable!"

Agent O eyed Jack with what seemed to be an impression. "Hm. And the file claimed your family to be highly intellectual. Oh well, I guess that promise only resides in the next generation."

The man slid the briefcase onto his lap and undid the clasps, reached his hand inside and pulled out a large, semi-automatic machine gun.

This manâ€¦

"Now, I'm going to ask nicely. Don't get me wrong, I like you people, I really do. But our organization has eyes everywhere, and what our Directors want, they receive."

He gripped the barrel tightly, his hand resting on the trigger, and pulled off his sunglasses, revealing hard and cold eyes that meant business.

"So I'm gonna ask nicely - Where is the boy?"

This man was the enemy.

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><p>The Beginning

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><p>"Jazzy-pants, something's wrong!" Danny cried, not touching his brownie. "Who's the creepy man?"<p>

"I don't know Danny, but everything's gonna be okay," Jazz lied,

trying to reassure her younger brother and the other two kids in the room, who looked worried too. "Dad is going to beat the man up, and Mom is going to nail him right in the jaw."

Danny smiled at the thought, and looked up at his sister sheepishly. "Youâ€¦ you really think so?"

Jazz nodded, ruffling her brother's hair. "I know so."

Tucker nodded. "Jazz is right!" He said with a wide grin. "Your mommy and daddy are suuuper strong, Danny! They could probably beat up Godzi- Godzo- Godza-"

"It's Godzilla, you Meat-head, and Tucka's right!" Sam chirped, punching Tucker in the shoulder playfully. "Your parents are really cool!"

Jazz sweatdropped at the idea of her parents being cool. Paranormal's more like it.

Danny smiled, but the gleam in his eyes faded and he looked down again. "I knowâ€¦ But something's wrong. I can feel it," He added, and pointed to where his ghost core resided, "right here."

Jazz felt bile rise in her throat. Did Danny have a sixth sense, like a cat? A sense that gave him a feeling when someone was about toâ€¦ to die?

The orangette pushed her fear aside and gripped the baseball hat tighter. No. No; that couldn't happen.

Sam frowned and leaned against the air vent. "I can hear stuff!" She said, and pointed at it. Cautiously, Jazz walked over to the vent and leaned in.

"Time toâ€¦ soon." Some one said.

"Not time yetâ€¦ Agent Oâ€¦ signalâ€¦"

"Tiredâ€¦. waitingâ€¦ bored."

"Ghostsâ€¦ Fentons are moronsâ€¦"

"What do weâ€¦ kill family?"

"Director wantsâ€¦orders... take boy."

Jazz's eyes widened. The person she let inside the house wasn't alone. Leaving the vent, she raced to Danny's window and peeked through the blinds, despair clawing at her when she saw four vans parked alongside their house. Men in white suits were positioned outside, probably waiting to raid it.

They were going to take Danny and kill the rest of them.

A determined feeling came on Jazz; she wasn't going to just sit here in the bedroom and wait for them to take Danny and kill Sam, Tucker, and herself. And she wasn't going to let them kill her parents either.

Struggling to maintain control of herself, Jazz looked at Danny and asked, "Danny, do you want to go to Tucker's house?"

Her brother's eyes lit up, and he grinned. "Yeah!"

Her response was immediate. "Shhh," She hushed. "Mommy and Daddy are talking about really important stuff right now, so we have to be quiet."

Danny frowned, then nodded. Tucker and Sam looked elated at the thought of Danny being allowed to come to their houses again.

"But don't we have to ask Tucka's parents first?" Sam asked innocently.

Jazz gulped. Stupid, she hadn't thought this through all the way!

"Yes, you do, but since Tucker is with us, they won't mind," Jazz said, glancing at Tucker and praying that all her might that the Meat-obsessed kid would go along with it.

Tucker nodded, a grin on his face and exposing his missing top right tooth. "Sure! Mom and Dad won't mind!"

Jazz breathed a sigh of utter relief.

"Let's go!" Danny squealed, and made his way towards the bedroom door. Terror flooded through Jazz. What if the man downstairs had a Ghost-detecting device? A ghost-proof net? An ecto-gun?

"No!" Jazz exclaimed, and Danny turned to look at her, confused, hand resting on the doorknob. "But you said-"

"And I meant what I said," Jazz cut in. Forcing a sneaky smile onto her face, she asked, "Why don't you fly us there?"

Danny blinked. "Really?"

Jazz nodded. "Really."

"But I don't think I can carry all of you," Danny frowned, eyeing Jazz's height with disdain.

Jazz shrugged. "Why don't you get Sam and Tucker out first? I'll wait for you, and you can just turn me intangible so we can walk through the house."

Danny looked thoughtful for a moment, before nodding in agreement. "Alright!"

So far so good.

"Okay then! Are you guys okay with this?" Jazz asked Tucker and Sam. To her relief, they both nodded.

"Yeah! I love flying!" Sam chirped, then looked guilty of spoiling a secret. Vaguely, Jazz remembered Mom instructing Danny not to fly with his friends until he achieved control of his powers, but the eight year old didn't care.

"I'm sorry-" Danny started, but before he could finish, Jazz hugged him tightly. She wanted to cry, wanted to grab the baseball bat and tell her parents about what the man was planning to do, and that their house was surrounded.

She wanted to get to safety first, but that wasn't an option. She had to make sure Sam and Tucker were safe, escape with Danny and pray to every single deity that existed that the white suits would leave and never come back.

"Jazzy? Are you okay?"

Jazz nodded, breaking away from her brother and ruffled his hair, earning a cute scowl. "Yeah, I'm fine."

Danny eyed her curiously for another minute, then turned to Sam and Tucker.

"Come on guys! Let's go!"

As Danny changed into his ghost form, Jazz froze, waiting for an alarm to go off, for the men to storm her house, but nothing happened. Nervously, she scrawled a quick note to the Foley's, vaguely explaining that something came up and for scientific reasons, her parents wanted the kids out of the house. It was a pretty bad excuse, considering her parents let them handle dangerous chemicals all the time, she knew the note was bullshit, and that Tucker's parents would too, but she had to get the threesome out of the house.

"Okay Danny, remember to stay intangible, and invisible too," Jazz reminded her brother, choking on her words but pushing her emotions down. This wasn't the time.

"I know, Jazzy!" Danny whined. "I'll be careful, and no one's gonna see us! I pwomise!"

Jazz chuckled at him, then brought the three of them into a tight group hug, ignoring their squirming and proclaims of "Lemme go!"

After a few moments, Danny turned himself intangible and pushed himself out of Jazz's grip.

Turning himself tangible again, Danny gave Jazz a cheeky grin and started to hover off the ground, grabbing Tucker and Sam's hands. "I'll be right back Jazzy!" He chirped, and with those words, turned the threesome intangible and flew through the bedroom wall, their feet turning invisible as they, she hoped, flew towards the Foley's.

Taking a deep, reassuring breath, Jazz ran over to the vent and listened for more words. None.

Were they getting ready to raid her house? Preparing a bomb?

Going after Danny?

Jazz felt like she was going to be sick.

Grabbing the anti-creep stick, Jazz slowly unlocked the bedroom door and crept down the hall, keeping an ear out for anything out for any clue as to what mess her parents were in.

Her eyes went wide as she saw the man open his briefcase, pulling out a large gun.

"So I'm gonna ask nicely - Where is the boy?" He demanded, aiming the gun at her parents.

Jazz was frozen in place. What should she do? Run? Charge at the guy with a baseball bat? Creep past the guy towards the basement and pray that he doesn't shoot her parents in the time she takes to equip herself with weapons?

What should she do?

To her horror, she didn't have to.

"Psst! Jazzy!"

Jazz whirled around to see a confused floating Danny, who was eyeing her suspiciously.

"What's goin' on?"

Jazz brought her finger to her lips immediately, eyes pleading for him to be silent.

"Oh. Sorry," Danny whispered. Jazz would have found his guilty expression adorable had she not been in this situation.

Danny glanced past the corner, and his eyes went wide as he saw the man wave his gun at his parents.

"I'm not gonna ask again - Where's the ghost boy?"

"We're never gonna tell!" Jack roared, and to Jazz and Danny's horror, the man aimed his gun and pulled the trigger.

Maddie screamed as Jack fell to the couch in a bloody heap, his face set in a look of rowdy defiance.

Jazz stared at her father's body. He was dead. His laugh would never seem to shake the house, and he would never crack horrible jokes at the dinner table. He would never again give empty cardboard boxes to Box Ghost, and never check for ghosts under their beds again.

Dad was dead.

"DADDY!" Danny screamed, and ran towards Jack's body.

"No Danny! Grab your sister and run!" Maddie screamed, struggling against something. In a daze, Jazz registered that their parents were tied up with rope.

"Daddy? Daddy!" Danny wailed, hugging Jack's body close, tears streaming down his face.

The man chuckled as he surveyed the scene. "How adorable," He sneered. "A ghost imitating human emotions."

Reaching out his hand, the White Suit pulled Danny off of Jack and aimed the gun at his head. Maddie let out a blood curdling scream, and Jazz watched as her brother froze in fear, unable to move.

"Pathetic."

His finger moved, gun pointed towards Momâ€¦ and pulled the trigger.

Maddie fell.

"NOOOO!"

Jazz unfroze.

She gripped the baseball bat and charged forward.

"Show me that you're fa-"

Jazz brought the baseball bat down on the man's shoulder, tears pouring down her face. He fell and turned his head, startled, and Jazz hit him again.

BAM!

A broken nose.

BAM!

A chipped shoulder.

BAM!

Bruises.

BAM!

Pain.

"Jazzy? Jazzy, stop!"

Jazz felt someone hug her, and the little eight year old stopped, eyes cold and blank as she stepped over the man's body and looked to see Danny, who was crying, holding their parent's hands.

Jazz felt some of the warmth return to her, and she knelt down and hugged him.

"Dannyâ€¦" She whispered.

Danny sobbed, clutching her tightly.

As she felt herself relax in their hug, she opened her eyes when Danny stopped crying.

"Dannyâ€¦?"

Her brother broke away, blue eyes shining. "I'm gonna get you outta here, Jazzy, and den I'm gonna make sure they won't hurt us again."

Jazz's eyes widened. "Danny? Wait, no! DANNY!"

But it was too late. Daniel Fenton turned intangible, invisible, and shot through the ceiling, Jazz's hand gripped firmly in his own.

But something caught them.

"Aaaaah!" Danny screamed as he was shot in the stomach with an Ecto-gun. They fell onto their front lawn, Jazz groaning and half conscious and Danny wailing in pain.

"Dan... nyâ€|" Jazz whispered, and reached her hand towards her brother as a man in a White Suit shot her brother in the back.

Kicked him in the shoulder.

Bound him with rope.

Jazz closed her eyes, falling into oblivion.

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><p>The Beginning

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><p>Danny opened his eyes slowly, scrunching up his nose as bright light startled him. Yawning, he tried to sit up and stretch, but found he was bound to a table. Startled, his eyes shot open and he looked around wildly, dread increasing as he realized he wasn't home.<p>

"Ah, it's awake!"

"Contact the Directors."

"Yes sir!"

"Contact the Science Division and let them know the machine is ready."

Danny quivered in fear. Directors? Science Directors? Where was he? Where was Jazz? Where was-

He froze. Mom. Dad.

A tear fell down his face. They were dead.

JAZZ!

Danny tried to jump to his feet, but the straps held him in place. Immediately, he tried phasing out of them but his hands and feet bounced back.

Ghosts shields. Crap.

"Jazz!" Danny screamed, struggling to break free. "JAZZY!"

He had to find her, he had to see her, he had to make sure she was okay, that she wasn't dead -

"Your sister is safe, Daniel."

Danny stopped struggling and looked up. Standing in front of him was a woman, dressed in a form-fitting grey dress. Her skin shone brightly, like burgundy sand, and a crown rested on her head, accenting her raven hair.

"Are you a princess?" Danny blurted, staring at her.

The woman looked surprised, then she chuckled. "No, I am a Queen. I am called Queen Bee."

Danny frowned. "But you don't have wingsâ€¦"

She laughed, but her smile didn't reach her eyes.

"I am called Queen Bee because I rule the country of Bialya."

Danny was confused. "Biaâ€¦ what?"

Queen Bee merely smiled and turned her head behind her, where a man in a white lab coat was holding a clipboard and scrawling notes.

Danny was even more confused. He just went to the doctor!

"Don't use the shock therapy yet. Savage wants the subject to be cleansed first," She told the man softly. He nodded and put his clipboard onto a nearby table and headed over to Danny.

The four year old was nervous. What was going on?

"Queenie Bee?"

The woman blinked and turned to face him.

"Where'sâ€¦ where's Jazzy?"

She gave him a small smile. "Jasmine is quite fine," She told him reassuringly. "She is with your friendsâ€¦ Sam and Tucker, correct?"

Danny sighed in relief, a grin on his face. Jazz was okay!

The man from before moved closer to him and ordered, "Stay still." Danny complied, watching the man curiously as he fiddled with a machine above Danny's head.

"What's dat for?" Danny asked innocently, eyeing the matching curiously.

"It's going to make you perfect," Queen Bee answered.

Danny wrinkled his nose. "But mommy always says I'm already perfect!"

Queen Bee nodded. "Yes, she is right, but you aren't perfect to me..." She leaned in towards him and traced her finger along his cheek, finally cupping his chin in her hands.

"... but you will soon join the Light."

She moved away from him, and the scientist placed the thing around his head, secured the straps, and fiddled with a control monitor.

"W-what's going on?" Danny squeaked when the machine started to vibrate. "What's it doin' to me?!"

Queen Bee smirked. "Allowing you to join the Light," She replied, and the vibrating increased until it seemed to crack through his skull.

Danny screamed.

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><p>The Beginning

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><p>He opened his eyes slowly, then looked around. He was laying down on a small bed, with white sheets. He sat up slowly, still surveying his surroundings. The room was white, and small with no windows. A simple door stood in front of the bed, a few paces to walk.<p>

Stiffly, he slid out of the bed and stood to his feet, nearly falling over. He frowned. Not being able to stand will be an obstacle, but he would work hard to overcome it.

Determined, he let go of the bed and stood to his feet, staying close to the cot as he took a few cautious steps forward.

He stumbled once, but quickly regained his balance and resumed his course, grinning when the stiffness in his joints receded and he was walking normally once more.

He frowned when he grew bored of walking and stretching. Was he supposed to leave? Could he leave?

Eyeing the door warily, he took a deep breath and forced himself to ignore it. No; he wouldn't leave. He never received instructions to.

Hours passed. Had it been a day? He didn't know, only that he should remain in the room until he received orders to do otherwise.

He frowned. Was he really supposed to stay inside? Or did he miss the instruction to leave?

Sighing, he glanced at the door again. Could he open it?

Cautiously, he padded forward until he was standing in front of the door. Taking a deep breath, he raised himself up to his tip-toes to peek out the door.

It was a simple hallway, and like his room, was completely white. Doors lined the walls on both sides, but no one walked by.

Satisfied, he returned to his cot and decided to stay inside. Who knew, maybe he was safer inside his room.

As he got himself situated, a flash of bronze caught his eye. Blinking, he scanned the room for the color, and it didn't register. Trying to find the color again, he stood up and tried to replicate the way he got into bed, and the flash of bronze appeared again.

Looking down, he saw the color in two simple digits on his shirt. Unable to angle his head to get a better look, he took off his shirt and shivered from the lack of warmth. Holding the shirt in front of him, he blinked when he saw two medium sized, bronze colored words on his white shirt.

Subject 43.

His eyes widened. Was this his name? 'Subject 43?'

Thinking back, he slowly realized he had no idea what the world outside looked like, other than the hallway.

Panic set in. What was his name? His age? His purpose?

Bolting upright, he flung himself off the bed and leaned down onto the linoleum floor, hoping to catch a glimpse of his appearance.

His eyes were blue, and his hair was shaggy and a dark black. His skin was pale, and there were faint bruises on his stomach and chest.

Relaxing, he flopped back onto his bed, clutching his shirt like a lifeline.

As his eyes were closing, a small squeaking sound could be heard. He opened his eyes and sat up, surprised to see a woman dressed in a lab coat inside his room, the door standing invitingly open.

"Subject 43, you are to come with me to the Scientific Department," She ordered. The boy slid out of bed and tugged his shirt back on, eyeing the woman nervously.

She gave him a small, reassuring smile and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Come with me, Subject 43."

As he followed her down the hallway, the ghost of a smile made its way onto his face.

So his name was Subject 43.

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><p>The Beginning

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><p>Added more to the indents - Chapter title wasn't there before. Disclaimer was also added. Tried to spot the typos; tell me if you guys see them, please?

2. The Way Things Are

The next chapter! :D

I didn't expect this much attention. Aww, you people are just too nice ^.^

**Guest of honor** : I am soooooooooo sorry but there will be no Daddy!Bats in this story. In all, there will be Danny!Batman bashing. I am not against Daddy!Bats, but I always feel like it makes the plot verrrrry dry.

**brunol4** : Yaaay! I continued it! XD and I was debating whether to make this a Teen Titans crossover or not, but decided to put it in Young Justice because I think that it'd make more sense, with Season 2 and all.

**Momobear9898** : Thanks! I wanted to change things up a bit, and humanize Danny's parents more than just being heartless bastards.

**miss mysteri** : No, he's 14 in this chapter. Time skips, my friend.

**kitkatkate2008** : Yeah, he'll have some similarities with Superboy, but not really. Explained in this chapter.

**Drift219: **_Yeah, I wanted to switch things up a bit. Don't get me wrong, stories where Danny's parents try to kill him are usually awesome, but I decided to take pity on the two characters, get the readers to love them and kill them off._

AND BEFORE YOU FLAME ME, I HAVE NOT YET FINISHED DANNY PHANTOM! I APOLOGIZE, BUT NO! I ONLY HEARD ABOUT THIS THROUGH THE FANDOM!

So correct me if I got anybody's personalities wrong, please. I think I have most of the Ghost's down okay, but yeah...

This chapter is mainly a flashback/reality check thing! It involves angst and torture! Mild trigger warnings and suicidal/depressing thoughts!

_DANNY IS 14 NOW! PLEASE DON'T FORGET!
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><p>Danny Phantom and Young Justice doesn't belong to me. Sad, though - I want another season of both.

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><p>The Way Things Are

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><p>Forty Three dashed forwards, hands charged with green energy. He threw one blast towards the droid, smirking as it's core disintegrated. After finishing off the last three, he reverted back to human form and quickly grabbed a long, metal pole.<p>

"Level Four: Completed. Please revert to Human Form, Subject 43." A voice intoned. Forty Three made no movements, waiting for the scanners to pass through him so that the system knew he was in his human state.

After a moment, the red net of lights passed over the entire area, changing the terrain and removing the droids.

"Subject 43 is in human form. Preparing Level Five."

Forty Three sighed and sat down, knowing he had a long day of training ahead of him.

It had been ten years since he had received his name and purpose: Obey the Light. But since no one ever what this 'Light' was, he decided to assume it was an impossibly smart lightbulb and move on.

Now, for a boy who is experimented on daily, and also 'Scientifically enhancing your abilities' or as he referred to it, torture, one would think he was a timid, terrified little boy. While that was true, in some cases, Forty Three wasn't timid. In reality, he was moreâ€| detached than anything.

His conditioning allowed him to not feel anything - Sadness, anger, humor, happiness - he didn't feel them.

Once, he was convinced he had those feelings, but the Light deleted them. How they managed to do that, he had a pretty good idea. Telepathy.

Forty Three HATED telepaths, or any creature that could twist the inner workings of a person's mind. Being subjected to the creepy bastard known as 'Psimon' all the time, Forty Three had quickly decided that all telepaths were crazy psychos, and took the telepaths' lessons to heart: Learning how to block a psychic attack, and eventually, learn how to fight back.

"Level Five will soon commence in T-459â€| 458â€|"

Forty Three yawned and stretched, thankful that he was getting a longer break. Probably a gift for beating Level Four so quickly.

Glancing around, he saw the combat room shift into it's actual dark grey space, the terrain fading in digital sparks.

"430â€| 429â€|"

Forty Three decided to ignore the voice, and instead plopped down onto the ground for a rest break. He had four minutes to rest; why waste it?

The fourteen year old winced as the cold ground agitated his bruises. Had he been in his cube, Forty Three would have immediately found CareGiver and ask for extra ectoplasm, but since CareGiver wasn't allowed to assist him during training, Forty Three had to bide the pain and continue until he dropped, which would unfortunately take several days.

Another thing he hated: Training. Just for half a day was fine when he was younger, but since unlocking his Ice Core, as the Lab Coats called it, they'd pushed him to his limit, time and time again, training him until he dropped and forcing him to go even farther.

He was used to not sleeping by now.

But he knew this was necessary; he had to be in the ultimate form for when the Light chose to shine. Forty Three didn't dare ask why he was going to fight for this 'Light,' because the last time he did, a squadron of White Suit's were allowed to 'Play with him.'

Not pleasant.

Ever since that encounter six years ago, Forty Three resolved to not say anything unless it was asked of him. Care Giver was sad that he no longer started conversations with her, or extended his sentences longer than the simple answer, or even voiced his own opinion, but they both knew it was safer this way.

Forty Three envied Care Giver, but also felt guilt towards her. She always went out of her way to make him feelâ€¦ happy? Was that the word?

Forty Three remembered, vaguely, when he was younger, and had just discovered. Care Giver was the first person he had ever met, and she took full responsibility of him, acting as a parental figure in the compound of hell.

Sometimes, when he had completed his tasks and trials without a hint of failure, Care Giver would tell him stories about the outside world; Wide, vast plains of water known as oceans, large, lizard-like creatures called Dinosaurs, which were thankfully extinct, plains, suburbs, daily life outside, and best of all: The joys of a Circus.

The way they got an Elephant to balance on a large ball was incredible! Better yet, how did the rubber not snap under the Elephant's weight? And those black and white horsesâ€¦ Zebras, if he remembered rightâ€¦ what made them striped? And how did the humans escape Lion cages again and again?

After being told about a Circus only once, Forty Three begged Care Giver to tell him more. He wanted to know everything, from every sort of trick they performed to the variety of food you could eat.

Once, Care Giver had snuck a peanut inside the compound for him to try, and after being warned his stomach would rebel the food, Forty

Three ate it anyways, revelling in the delicious salty flavor. Unable to swallow it, he had reluctantly spit it out in a basin of dried food that would be distributed amongst the White Suits for lunch.

Forty Three prayed that the peanut would end up in the mouth of Agent 0, and he would choke and die on his food, like he wished for every day.

He hated that man. Care Giver told him that he was just overreacting, because he had never truly met the Agent before, but Forty Three was certain of two things:

1 - Agent 0 was as evil as they came,

2 - He had met the man before his life at the Compound.

Despite Care Giver's constant bickering at his questions, Forty Three was absolutely certain he had a life before the Compound, and before he became Subject 43. How else could you explain that he was four years old when he became their lab rat?

Sighing, Forty Three glanced down at his hands, the hands he was, always told, were the hands of a monster.

This fact he had accepted. He was an uncontrollable freak of nature that didn't deserve to exist, but had been given a purpose by the Light.

Monster.

Freak.

Demon.

In-human.

Their words hurt once. He didn't understand what he was. But when he had completed his first trial, Care Giver told him the truth.

He was a Ghost, a creature without emotion or feelings. They mercilessly destroyed everything in their path, killing anyone in their way.

They told him that he was turned into a Ghost by his abusive parents, who killed him when he was but a child. He came back as a Ghost, and the Light took him in, deciding to take pity on the powerful creature.

And he had lived in the Compound ever since.

But Forty Three had a feeling - An inkling of suspicion - that somewhere in their closely webbed net of lies, was some sort of truth.

He was determined to find out.

"Level Five starting. Please remain in human form, Subject 43."

Forty Three complied, inwardly groaning when the terrain shifted to a gorge. The droids would attack from above now, and without his ability to fly or use Ecto-blasts, he was at a significant disadvantage.

Picking up his pole again, Forty Three narrowed his eyes in sheer determination. He couldn't lose.

He had to beat his trials, otherwise he would never be able to be sold and escape this nightmare.

The first froid appeared, and Forty Three prepared himself for the onslaught.

Thirteen had generated so far, and more would appear.

Good thing it was only 13 so far.

He could only handle 40.

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><p>The Way Things Are

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><p>"Level Five: Completed. Please return to Ghost form, Subject 43."<p>

Forty Three immediately switched forms, breathing a sigh of relief as his wounds started to close.

One of the only nice things about being a freak of nature: He healed like a boss.

Forty Three flopped onto the regenerating terrain, happy to hear that it was taking the system longer than normal to generate the new map. He had some time to relax.

Waiting for the countdown to start, Forty Three sat down on the ground of the now gray room once more.

"Trials have been completed. Please exit the chamber and return to your cube."

Forty Three blinked. This hadn't ever happened before.

Quickly, he shot to his feet and walked respectfully out of the room, head lowered submissively, eyes down as he headed back to his room.

As he walked down the hallway, Forty Three stopped as he was about to round a corner and enter his cube. Hesitating, he looked around. No one.

Taking a deep breath, he turned around and headed back towards the chamber. Something was going on, but what?

"Do you like the child's potential?"

Forty Three blinked. That was one of the Agents!

Quickly turning invisible, he stood close to the door and leaned in close, trying to get a better idea of what was going on.

"Yes. Subject 43 seems most profitable for the Light."

Forty Three's eyes widened. Maybe he would finally get some answers!

"Then is your organization prepared to pay?"

Forty Three frowned. Pay? pay for what?

"Yes. I expect for it to be fully briefed on it's new purpose."

Forty Three felt sick and leaned back from the door. The organization was going to sell him?

His eyes widened, and he trembled with excitement. Was he really going to leave-?

"Of course, sir. How much conditioning do you wish for it to receive?"

Fear replaced his excitement. Oh no, oh no oh no oh no oh no oh no-

"The full treatment. I want 43 to be completely obedient to the Light."

He heard shuffling in the room, and the voice added, "Besides, I don't want the Light's perfect weapon eavesdropping on our plans."

Forty Three spun around and shot down the hallway, his short flight causing the doors to rattle, but he didn't care. This was bad. This was very bad.

Somehow that man knew he was there, in ghost form. The organization was going to sell him to that man, but before they did, he was going to receive the rest of his conditioning. All of it.

Forty Three knew that once he sat down on that operation table there would be nothing of him left.

Phasing through his door, Forty Three flopped down on his bed and let out an ear piercing scream, his eyes glimmering with a bloodthirsty red.

When he was done screaming, he sighed and closed his eyes. There was nothing he could do to stop the conditioning.

This was the way things were, after all.

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><p>The Way Things Are

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><p>Lex Luthor scanned through the files, frowning when he saw how the GIW Agents treated the boy. Beating him when he failed a regular task and inducing shock therapy when he failed a trial wasn't the greatest things to ensure strict obedience, but the toneâ€| that would be useful.<p>

He smirked slightly. The Agency was smart, having the boy learn quickly that the small tone meant pain, and to remain passive to receive instructions. When the tone went off, and it immediately acted upon instruction, no matter what it thought about it's orders.

Beautiful.

The multi-billionaire rubbed his temples in frustration. This child was powerfulâ€| maybe too powerful. But with Queen Bee at the head of the GIW, and also brainwashing each and every agent to despise everything supernatural had eventually paid off in the end.

Lex never truly planned for the child's parent's to be killed, but oh well. Everything came out alright in the end.

Thinking back, he vaguely remembered that his sister survived the Agency's purge.

He'd have 43 correct that.

Luthor glanced down at the briefcase resting by his foot. Inside were seven clear vials full of the boy's blood and DNA.

"Sir? We've arrived."

The robotic cyborg 'MERCY' exited the car and moved to open Lex's car door.

"Thank you Mercy. Please follow me inside and lock the car."

With the girl's simple small bow, she did as she was told and followed Lex inside the building, a small sign reading, CADMUS.

Inside, Lex paid no heed to the empty lobby and entered the elevator, quickly pressing the correct combination of numbers to gain access into the lowest floor.

As the elevator made it's way down, Lex decided to flip through the file again.

A message appeared on his phone, and he sighed and reached through his pocket to answer.

The conditioning has begun. Open live stream?

Lex sighed and handed the briefcase to Mercy, who took it without question and held it carefully.

Lex hit Yes and muted the volume, opened a recording file and

connected a flashdrive to his phone, not bothering to glance down at the screen.

He'd do that once his deed was done.

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><p>The Way Things Are

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><p>Forty Three quivered as he was led into the laboratory room. This was it. This was his last day at the compound.<p>

Dang it.

"Get moving freak," The agent behind him sneered, and jabbed at him with an Ecto-gun. Forty Three instinctively made himself appear smaller.

Another agent next to the first smirked, exposing a missing incisor tooth.

"You know, you're gonna leave the compound today," He started. "So because it's such a special occasion -"

Forty Three felt his heart sink into his foot. Oh crap.

"- we're gonna give you a nice present. What do you say, boys?"

The ghost boy knew exactly what was happening. The four agents surrounding him were going to beat him until he passed out, and the Scientists were going to be mad that he wasn't there for the conditioning and by the time they all found him, his ghost healing would have hidden all traces of bruises and as punishment, and he would be taken to the Shock room, bound to the table and punished.

He knew because this has happened before.

Forty Three curled into a ball and allowed each blow to hit. Each kick, jab, jeer and knife swipe made contact with his skin and mind, breaking a small piece of himself away.

A small smile appeared on his face. After the conditioning, there wasn't going to be anything left of him.

"What are you smiling about, monster?"

Instantly he realized his mistake, and tried to correct it.
"N-nothing, sir!"

The agent frowned, his eyes full of rage and hatred.

"You're gonna call me master, remember? That's the deal we have, worm!"

He kicked Forty Three right in the face, and the boy went spiraling, his skinny form hardly any worth as a weight.

As they pulled out a large, faintly green knife, Forty Three felt his mind go numb.

Well, at least he was going to die when he was still himselfâ€|

"STOP!"

The four agents froze, the knife inches away from making contact with Forty Three's skin.

"Subject 43's punishment is out of your jurisdiction, Agent 5, Agent 64, Agent J and Agent X. Please return to your posts."

"Yes Agent C," They said unanimously, saluting as they left Forty Three in the hallway.

The boy was terrified, his eyes shut tightly and he trembled, waiting for it to end-

"Forty Three? I'm here now. I'm here."

He felt his body being enveloped by a woman. Care Giver. Relief flooded his senses, and Forty Three felt tears fall out of his eyes, and he sobbed in her arms.

"Did they hurt you?" She asked, auburn hair glimmering in the dim fluorescent lights.

Forty Three shook his head. "N-not more than they usually doâ€|"

Care Giver nodded. "I see." With a small smile, she stood up and sighed as she realized her white lab coat was stained with Ectoplasm and red blood.

Forty Three noticed and immediately started to apologize. "I-I'm sorry, Care Giver! I'll clean it right away-"

The agent shook her head and placed a hand on his shoulder. "It's quite alright, Forty Three."

The boy sighed in relief, and gave her the smallest hint of a smile. "T-thank you, Care Giver. For saving me."

The agent nodded, waving her other hand dismissively. "It's no trouble, Forty Three. I'm still wondering why those morons are even part of the organization."

With those words, she chuckled, and Forty Three forced his bruised shoulders to shrug.

When the woman stopped chuckling, she eyed him disdainfully and sighed. "The scientists aren't going to be pleased with you being late, Forty Three,"

His heart sunk.

"But I'm going to explain to them exactly what transpired in this hallway, and they'll pass on the Shock Therapy."

A sigh of relief escaped him.

Care Giver gave him a small smile and helped him to his feet. "Can you stand alright?"

At his reassuring nod, she reluctantly let go of him and walked side by side with him as he limped down the hallway.

"I'll miss you, Forty Three," She said quietly.

He stopped walking and turned back to face her. "Y-you will?"

She nodded, eyes glinting with sadness. "Yes." Wiping at her eyes, she added, "The directors are sending in a new ghost child after you leave."

His eyes went wide. There were others?!

She gave him a reassuring smile. "I'll make sure she'll be okay."

He gave her a hopeful smile. "Will- will she love the circus? And peanuts?"

Care Giver laughed. "We'll see."

All too soon, they arrived at the door. Forty Three gulped and turned back to face the Agent. "Will I remember you after this?"

Tears sprang to her eyes as she shook her head. "I don't know."

He gave her a determined smile. "Then I'll make sure I will."

Care Giver smiled. "Okay."

She opened the door, and Forty Three slowly entered, headed towards the table.

As he lay down and they strapped him in, Care Giver sent him a reassuring smile and said, "Everything's going to be okay."

"I know."

Care Giver blinked, then smiled. "Alright then, Forty Three. I'll miss you."

She ruffled his hair just like she used to when he was younger, and the machine was placed around his head

And Forty Three was no more.

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><p>The Way Things Are

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><p>"Aw man, that really sucked!" Wally huffed, vibrating his body to shake off the mud, which landed on the nearby team members.<p>

"Wally! Cut it out!" Robin cried, shaking off the mud.

The speedster stopped vibrating and chuckled nervously. "My badâ€¦"

Superboy scowled and turned around, headed towards the kitchen.

"Where are you going?" M'gann called after him, hovering on the ground slightly.

"Taking a shower," Was his only reply as he stormed off.

Aqualad sighed as he watched Superboy go. Turning to Robin, he said, "That mission was a complete failure."

"You tell me! I was covered in mud! Can you believe it?!" Wally exclaimed, glaring at the globs that fell onto the ground near him.

"Yes yes, Wally, you were covered in mud. Deal with it," Robin muttered as he fiddled with the large hoverboard.

"Wat'cha doing?" Wally asked as he walked over to where Robin was. The boy wonder was typing fast on the holoboard Batman always used to debrief them on their missions.

"A hunch," Robin answered cryptically. "Remember that one robot with the weird symbol on its chest?"

Wally nodded, thinking back. "Yeah, the droid released the slime monster and blew up. What about it?"

"Well, there's a certain evil mastermind Batman and I have gone against a few times. Superman too," Robin added, and stopped typing.

A large L appeared on the screen, with a bronze oval backdrop.

"Lexcorp, its leader being Lex Luthor," Robin said, a smug look on his face.

"Isn't that given?" Wally wondered. Kaldur ignored the speedster's comment and folded his arms, looking at Robin. "And you've brought this man up becauseâ€¦?"

"He's being followed," A voice said. The teenagers spun around to see Batman, his black cape swishing. Black Canary was close behind, along with Red Tornado.

Wally glanced at Robin, Kaldur and M'gann. "Uhâ€¦ are we in trouble?"

"Far from it," Black Canary said. "We're assigning your entire team on a mission-

"-to infiltrate Lexcorp and find out what's going on there," Batman finished. Black Canary rolled her eyes at the Dark Knight as he eyed

them all. "Where's the rest of the team?"

M'gann spoke up. "Superboy is in the showers, trying to get rid of the mud and slime."

Red Tornado hummed. "Affirmative. It also seems that the rest of you need a shower as well."

Batman sighed. "Do you think the team can handle a stealth mission?" He asked Kaldur.

The Atlantian nodded. "Yes, I believe we can pull it off."

The Dark Knight snorted. "Good, because stealth is the whole point on this mission."

"What are we looking for?" Robin asked.

"Your goal is to try and find this boy-" An image appeared on the screen. It was a teenager, like them, with black hair and blue eyes. He was wearing a simple Coke themed shirt and faded pants. "-and figure out why he's been following Luthor for the past month."

More images appeared, each of different angles of Lex Luthor, all with the boy hidden in the shadows, but watching Luthor intently.

In one picture, Wally swore the boy's eyes were green, but decided it was a trick of the camera light.

"So what you're saying is that our job is to sneak into Lexcorp, hack the impossibly firewalled systems, find incriminating information, and at the same time, find this kid and figure out why he's been stalking Lex?" Robin guessed.

Wally grinned and flashed right next to Robin, putting his arm on the Boy Wonder's shoulder. "I'm in!"

Black Canary and Batman exchanged glances.

"We know you're in, and remember- don't use any sort of radios in Lexcorp. Luthor monitors all the frequencies in his building, and surrounding areas." Black Canary warned.

Wally waved his hand dismissively. "We know, we know!"

M'gann rolled her eyes at him and asked, "So the entire team is being deployed?"

Red Tornado nodded. "Affirmative. You will be split into teams of two, one to keep watch while Robin hacks the systems and another to find and interrogate the boy."

"What's the boy's name?" Kaldur asked.

"We don't know," Batman growled. "There's no record of him anywhere. Birth records, social security number- Nothing."

"It's like he doesn't exist," Black Canary added solemnly. "He could be a meta-human in disguise, so be careful."

Kaldur nodded and dipped his head respectfully. "We shall, Black Canary."

"But before you embark on your latest assignment," Red Tornado said, "I estimate all of you wish to shower first?"

With a unanimous call of "YES!" the rest of the team headed towards the showers, and Batman handed Robin a flash drive.

"Put as much information on this as you can," He said.

Robin nodded. "Got it." The boy tucked the flash drive in his Utility Belt and followed the others.

When it was only the three Leaguers left in the room, Black Canary turned to face Batman.

"Are you certain they can handle this? From the information we've uncovered about that boy--"

"I know," Batman said solemnly, "They can handle this. And if Red Tornado's hunch pays off, we might just have a new team member."

Black Canary folded her arms and sighed. "If that boy doesn't kill them first, you mean."

"I shall be on standby, keeping close monitor of the team as they undergo their mission. If the boy proves to be a significant threat, Superman shall be called in and I shall escort the team to safety."

Black Canary sighed, glancing back at the holoboard, where an image of the boy was still displayed.

"That poor boyâ€¦"

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><p>The Way Things Are

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><p>He watched from afar as his master made a speech, calculating the movements of the crowd and determining whether the man, "Bruce Wayne" posed a significant threat. The man screamed combat strategy, no matter how hard he tried to hide it.<p>

The boy sighed and stretched his arms, keeping a wary eye on his master as he did so.

This was boring. Sitting and observing was a waste of his talents. His master knew this, and yet continued to order him to watch, observe and protect when necessary.

Boring.

While he didn't feel the urge to kill, his desire was even greater: He wanted to fight. He needed to prove his worth to his master, to ensure his owner recognized his strength and talent and praised him

for it.

Praise. That hadn't ever come his way.

Had it?

He had no recollection of his life before being given to his master. His master told him that he was fourteen years old, but the boy didn't care for this information. In his opinion, he was but a month old.

And yet he wasn't a baby. Strange.

He knew simple things. He knew he was a Ghost, an emotionless monster incapable of feelings and killed anyone and anything in their way.

His abusive parents killed him when he was a child, and he came back as a ghost. The Light found him and took him out of pity, hoping that he would become a valuable asset.

He was determined to make sure they realized their efforts weren't a waste.

Did ghosts say afterlife instead? If so, then since they were already dead, what did they say instead of kill and die?

Hmm. He'd have to ask one before he ripped out it's core.

"And that is all for today. Thank you." His master ended his speech, and exited the podium.

He sat at attention, calm blue eyes scanning for any sort of threat his master could be under.

"Thank you, thank you, I'm sure your idea will make headlines," His master said to random humans in the vicinity, shaking hands with practically everyone.

He stood up, sinking back into the shadows as the 'banquet' as his master referred to it, was beginning to close. He felt comfortable in the shadows, with no one to notice him or to accidentally bring attention to himself.

He found it reassuring.

"We're going," His master said to no one in particular, but he knew instantly that the phrase was directed to him, and the boy followed his master quickly, eyeing the cyborg "MERCY" with distrust.

Did his master not have enough faith in him to protect?

His blue eyes gleamed with determination. He will prove to his master that he was far more capable than that stupid robot. He would try to take down Superman if he had to.

His master entered the limousine, as did Mercy as she took her place in the driver's seat, started the engine and began the drive back to their home.

He didn't know what it was called. Nor did he care, for that manner. His master spent the entirety of his time there, as did Mercy and himself, which made it home.

Adding to that fact was that his master had installed a hidden room in his office, a room with no doors and lead lining to prevent any "Prying red eyes to take a peep," His master had told him.

It was a small room, not very big, but it was enough. He had a bed, a large supply of ectoplasm, and three spare changes of clothes.

That was new to him. More than one pair of clothes, and he wasn't even allowed to wash them himself! The humans here insisted on washing them for him, throwing his clothes and a sticky ointment into a large, square machine that filled with liquid and a fluffy substance called 'suds.'

After first discovering the machines, he resolved to invisibly watch the servants do the 'laundry,' as it was called.

Why call it something else when they were merely washing clothes? Humans were strange.

And yet they were also amazing. The many things they could do! It never ceased to amaze him at the vast intellect of some humans.

And yet some were so stupid it was laughable.

He had quite the shock discovering some people did dumb, incredibly stupid things for a living. Why publicly embarrass yourself? Was the income that grand? If so, why didn't other people do it?

He had thought about asking his master, but later decided against it. His master was far too busy with more important things, and his task was to protect his master, not feed his curiosity.

And yet he couldn't stop the never ending questions swarming in his mind.

"Are you alright?"

He snapped out of his thoughts at his master's words. "You've been staring at nothing for a while now."

Did his master think he was defective?!

Rushing to correct his mistakes, the boy quickly bowed his head low, saying, "No, master. I was merely thinking ofâ€¦ things."

"Such as?"

Should he tell his master? Would his master believe him to be defective from his thoughts, and terminate him?

He fought back a shudder. Now he understood why humans always used the term, "Curiosity killed the cat." He was most certainly dead.

"â€¦about the marvels of humankind," He confessed. "The many things your species can doâ€¦ I find it amazing."

"Good to know you hold humans in high regard," His master grumbled.
"Now, we will be returning to the office, but I don't wish for you to return to your room yet," He added.

"I wanted to see if you would like an alias."

He blinked. A what?

Catching onto the boy's confusion, his master added, "A fake name. It must be boring without one."

He frowned. A nameâ€¦ would he want a name? Did having a name improve his ability to protect his master?

Still a bit confused, he nodded. "I shall do whatever master wishes of me."

"Even if it's jumping off a bridge?"

He blinked. His masterâ€¦ what?

Chuckling, his master shook his head. "Belay that, it was a simple metaphor," He said, and eyed the boy in a new light.

Damn, this kid was too obedient.

"So, do you want a name or not?" His master asked, no annoyance in his tone as the limousine pulled up into 'home.'

He nodded. "Yes, master. I believe it shall be beneficial."

His master sighed. "Yes, wellâ€¦ Mercy, please park here."

Obedying her orders, the cyborg parked the car, exited and opened the door for his master while the boy simply phased through the door. What was the point of opening something when you could simply walk through it?

As they entered the lobby, he once again kept to the shadows, knowing that his master didn't want to bring more attention to himself.

While he didn't fully understand the harm in being close to his master to defend him from harm, he obeyed his orders nothing less and continued to remain as unnoticeable as possible.

He sighed, closing his eyes as he remained several paces behind his master, keeping to the shadows and turning invisible whenever anyone walked by.

This was the way things would always be.

Nothing would ever change that.

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><p>The Way Things Are

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><p>Okay, this was longer than the first chapter. Next time! His master gives him a name just as Young Justice is discovered in the building! What's gonna happen? Is he gonna come to his senses and escape with them right away?

No chance in hell :p

I want to keep going on at how the GIW really messed him up big time. While there wasn't much torture scenes, there is a lot coming up next chapter.

AND YOU PEOPLE GET TO CHOOSE HIS NAME! I AM TAKING SUGGESTIONS! What I was thinking of were:

_-Dayton Foster or Daeton Foster
>

-Shayne or Shane

-Dallek

-Winchester [For the gun. Not Supernatural. (Sorry!)]

-Dagger [For the weapon.]

His hero name shall remain. The. Same. Please and thank you.

Dani, on the other hand, is making an appearance in this story! But that won't be for a while. So vote for her hero name!

IF YOU HAVE A SUGGESTION LEAVE IT IN THE REVIEW BOX! I WANT AT LEAST 15 REVIEWS BEFORE I POST THE NEXT CHAPTER!

[Which is gonna take me a while. But considering this only took me... meh, 3 hours to write? I'll be fine. :p]

**_THERE IS A POLL ON MY PROFILE TO VOTE FOR DANI'S HERO NAME!
_**

PLEASE LEAVE A REVIEW ON WHAT YOU THINK OF MY STORY SO FAR! IT REALLY HELPS!

3. Simple Truths

_. . . _

I feel bad now for taking this long to update. But heeey! You all reviewed! Thanks for that :P

And Danny's name is... Dun dun duuun - **Dagger**! 9 votes for it. Hero name will remain Phantom. Please and thank you.

Dani's 'human' name is gonna be **Mansume**, courtesy of** Ethan Demas**. Thanks man! Superhero name shall be** Banshee**. It got the most votes... I'm sorry...

Sooo... anyways, this is where the magic happens!

[And yes, he's gonna hate M'gann. Kind of.]

_AND WHY IN GODS NAME DOES THE IMAGE TO THIS STORY KEEP CHANGING!?
GAAAAAH!_

* * *

><p>Danny Phantom and Young Justice doesn't belong to me.
Sad, though - I want another season of both.

* * *

><p>Who wants to beta read for this story? Leave a review and get
right to it! :D

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

* * *

><p>M'gann flew the bioship along, camouflage mode engaged as the
team traveled in silence, with the occasional munch from
Wally.<p>

Kaldur was nervous because, as the newly declared team leader, he was
responsible for making sure the mission didn't turn out to be a
flop.

Robin was nervous because half of the mission rode on his shoulders,
including to keep stealthy the entire time.

Superby was nervous about the boy they were supposed to recover; he
could tell, even in those pictures, something wasn't right about
him.

M'gann was curious about sneaking into an earthling building and made
a resolution not to snoop around in anything and focus solely on the
mission.

Wally was despairing over the fact he was running out of food.

"So everyone knows the plan?" Kaldur finally asked, breaking the
silence.

Wally nodded, nonchalantly popping a chip into his mouth. "Sure
thing."

Ignoring the speedster, Robin decided to answer. "We sneak in, split
into our teams of two, and I gather all the intel I can on what
Luthor is up to, while M'gann, Wally and Superboy try to find and
recover the boy."

Kaldur nodded, but internally he was breathing a sigh of
relief.

"Should I establish the telepathic link now?" M'gann offered.

Kaldur nodded. "Alright."

The faint buzzing noise occurred in their minds, then it faded.

Everyone on? M'gann asked.

Yes.

Sure thing, boss man!

Shut it, Speedy.

M'gann chuckled at them, shaking her head as she turned the Bioship, soaring past a sign that said, "You are now leaving Smallville! Have a great day!"

After the mission, She started to ask,_ Is it possible to go back to Metropolis?_

Robin shrugged._ I don't know if we'll ever have any missions here again. Besides, Lex is more of Superman's thing. He won't be happy we're heading inside._

Superboy turned to look at the Martian._ Why do you want to go back?_

M'gann grinned._ Because it's one of the most popular tourist attractions on Earth! It's where Superman patrols in all his glory!_

Robin swore there were stars in her eyes.

Superboy scowled, turning away from M'gann and looking out the window instead.

Wally sighed. _Great. Now he's all moody._

M'gann realized her mistake, looking sullen. _Superboy, I'm sorryâ€|_

The Clone gave her a fake smile._ It'sâ€| alright,_ He started. _Not your fault._

She breathed a sigh of relief, and the other boys exchanged a glance. They knew he was faking it.

And how can you lie on a telepathic link again?

After about a good ten minutes, M'gann shouted, _THERE!_

They all winced at the sound in their minds, and she gave them an apologetic glance before pointing out the window.

We're hereâ€| Metropolis!

Robin nodded, pointing towards a large, black steel skyscraper. _There's Lexcorp._

Superboy scowled, cracking his fingers.

Hello, misplaced aggression.

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

* * *

><p>He followed his master into the office, automatically walking towards his room but remembering his orders to remain in the office and obliged, not making eye contact with his master.<p>

His master sighed with relief and sat down in the chair behind the desk. The boy made no move to sit, eyeing the cyborg warily as 'she' stood by the door, having already received orders to act as a guard.

His eyes hardened. He should be the one protecting his master, not that horrible impersonation of machinery.

"So," His master started, "Do you have any ideas for your name?"

He frowned. "No. I apologize for not thinking ahead, master." Internally, he was chastising himself for not following his master's direction.

Idiot.

The man chuckled. "It's quite alright. I already have some ideas of my own. Care to hear them?"

He nodded, listening intently as his master listed all of the possible names.

"There's Dayton, Shaneâ€¦ Hmm, Winchester could act as a last nameâ€¦ Dallek, Dagger-"

The boy gasped. That was it.

"Masterâ€¦?"

The man stopped rambling and looked at the boy, dipping his head as a sign to continue.

"I believe I would like the nameâ€¦ Dagger."

His master smiled. Maybe now 'Dagger' would have some form of identity now.

"Why do you wish to be called this?"

The boy paused, a frown taking hold. Why indeed?

Ah. Now he remembered.

"Because I feel it makes meâ€¦ dangerous, and slightly intimidating," He answered slowly, "And because don't most heroes and villains have separate names?"

His master nodded. "That is correct, but if you want to be called

Dagger, you'll need a last name."

His eyes widened, but he fought to keep himself calm and neutral.
"Thenâ€¦ I can be called Dagger?"

His master nodded, a small smile forming on his face as he saw the pure joy and excitement on the boy's face.

"Sure. I'll see what I can do to find you a last name."

The boy â€" No, Dagger â€" Grinned widely, unable to keep his joy down any longer. He had a name now! He could help his master even more!

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

* * *

><p>Remember; Stealth is key, Kaldur reminded them.

Wally nodded, pressing the button on his suit, turning its yellow and red colors into a dark grey and pitch black. Soon, they were all dressed in the same fashion, and split into their assigned groups: M'gann, Superboy and Wally as one group to find the boy, and Kaldur and Robin to recover intel.

M'gann parked the bioship in an alley, keeping it in camouflage mode as the five teens snuck near the Lexcorp building, invisible due to M'gann's shielding.

The Martian phased through the wall, Superboy and Wally in tow. Robin slipped through an air vent, Kaldur following close behind.

They weren't prepared in the slightest for what would happen next.

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

* * *

><p>Dagger smiled to himself as he lay in his bed, blue eyes focused on the cielling.<p>

He had a name now. A name, and that meant his master cared for him.

Another thought came to him. Human children called their male parent 'father.' Was Lex Luthorâ€¦ his father?

He sat up and looked at his reflection in the mirror on his wall, then compared it to a mental image of his master. Noâ€¦ they looked nothing alike.

Another thought, a whisper of doubt, surfaced. Who gave birth to you?

His abuse parents, but they were long dead.

Do you have any siblings?

The thought was so random he nearly fell off his bed in surprise.

Do I have any siblings?

A brother?

A sister?

Dagger shook his head. No, he didn't, and if he did, he would have grown up with them in the compound. So that meant if, IF, he had siblings, they were dead. Or Care Giver

He froze. Compound? Care Giver? Where were these thoughts coming from?! He was supposed to be protecting his master, not musing in his room!

That decided, Dagger phased through the wall and scanned his master's office for any irregularities.

He froze when he saw them. Two males, one that was human, and another that seemed irregular. Remaining invisible, he slowly exited the wall and watched them. They seemed to be communicating, but no words

There was a telepath in the building.

Hatred swelled inside of him, hatred he had no urge to dismiss. Whatever had happened in his life before, he was certain of one thing:

He hated telepaths.

That was a simple truth.

* * *

<p>Simple Truths

* * *

<p>Wally sighed. So, any ideas where this guy is? We've looked everywhere for him!

Superboy nodded. _He's right, M'gann. Do you have any idea where he is?_

M'gann let out a sigh of frustration. _No, and I don't know why! I can tell where anyone on the planet is via their mental signature, so why he isn't might- _

She froze, her words halting as her eyes widened. _What if Luthor killed him? Only the dead can escape a Martian._

Wally and Superboy glanced at each other, faces grim.

But maybe he's just locked in a room where I won't be able to get him that might be it _

A smile spread across her face, and she floated in the air. _I found him!_ She exclaimed, and soared along the hallway, Superboy and Wally following close behind.

As they traveled down the hallway, the lights flickered, then went out. Wally stopped running. _Um... guys? Anyone else crept out?_

Superboy shook his head. _No, but this can't be a coincidence. Lights going out just as M'gann finds this guy?_

Wally! Superboy!

Both boys immediately rushed to M'gann's side, surprised to see a boy blocking their path, the very boy shown in the images at the cave.

Slowly, M'gann approached him. "Hi! I'm M'gann, and these are my friends, Kid Flash and Superboy."

The boy looked startled, and took a step back, blue eyes wavering on a border of doing something. Seeing this, Superboy was on alert, watching the boy's every move.

"Uh, yeah! What's your name?" Wally asked the boy nervously, trying to calm him down.

The boy seemed to drop his guard for a moment, saying, "My name is Dagger, and you three are part of the covert operation deployed by the Justice League known as 'Young Justice.' You have two other teammates, Kaldur'ahm from Atlantis and Robin, the gifted protégé of Batman, leader of the League."

The three of them were on high alert as the boy's eyes started to glow a sickening toxic green, waves of light coming off his eyes, which glowed with no color.

"In other words, you are the enemy of my master, and the enemies are always ended."

Rings traveled up the boy's body, changing his appearance. His clothes morphed into a black hazmat suit, with white gloves to match. His hair turned starch white, and he floated in mid-air, his hands glowing with bright green energy.

_Um, Robin? Kaldur? _Wally sent out weakly. _We have a bit of a situation!_

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

* * *

><p>Wally? Wally! What's the situation?

No answer came.

"Damn, the link is down," Kaldur hissed, glancing at Robin, who was

typing furiously on the keyboard. "How long until-"

"Done!" The boy wonder exclaimed, smirking as he grabbed the flashdrive from the port and quickly exited the office, sending out, _You guys hold on! We're moving in on your position!_

As the two sped down the corridors, they heard the faint crashing sounds of a fight.

But against who?

Their answer came when they rounded the last corner and saw Wally zipping around a boy with white hair and neon green eyes, dressed in a skin tight hazmat suit. The boy seemed to regard Wally as a mere annoyance, and with a single punch, cast him aside, firing a few more blasts of green energy towards the speedster to make sure he stayed down.

Superboy roared and charged at the boy, fists ready, but he merely shot out of the way, revealing to Robin and Kaldur's shock, that he could fly.

The boy's legs morphed into a single, wispy tail that was see-through, giving him the appearance of a ghost.

Noâ€¦ a Phantom.

"Help M'gann!" Superboy roared, dodging a poorly aimed energy blast, and using brute strength, threw the boy through several walls.

Robin started searching for the green Martian, seeing her struggle to her feet, holding her head in her hands and moaning.

"M'gann!" Kaldur yelled, and ran to her side.

"I'mâ€¦ fineâ€¦" She whimpered, and raised her eyes to look towards the boy. "Daggerâ€¦ he isn'tâ€¦"

Deciding Superboy could keep 'Dagger' busy for now, Kaldur helped M'gann to her feet, with Robin asking, "What do you mean?"

"His mindâ€¦" M'gann started, wincing for a moment and then resuming her sentence. "It'sâ€¦ wrong. Everything is justâ€¦ locked away. It feels like he's deadâ€¦ but there's always the same thingâ€¦"

"Like what?" Kaldur asked. M'gann looked him in the eyes, hers full of pain.

"Obey your master and the Light."

Robin frowned. "The light?" He glanced at Kaldur, who shrugged and dodged a stray ecto-blast, preparing his sorcery blades to defend M'gann.

"I haveâ€¦ a planâ€¦" M'gann whispered to Robin, who beckoned towards Kaldur.

"If I canâ€¦ get inside his mindâ€¦" M'gann started, wincing in pain once more and continuing her broken speech, "â€¦ I might be able to help him."

"And get him on our side?" Robin guessed, grinning when M'gann nodded slowly. "Sweet."

"What do we need to do?" Kaldur asked. M'gann took a deep breath, letting it out slowly.

"Do exactly as I say."

Dagger fought to hide his grin as he struggled to his feet after Superboy nailed him through a wall. Now he could prove to his master he was worthy of protecting him, not that infernal machine.

And these five seemed to be worthy opponents. He sighed when he noticed gashes on his torso, and cuts in his attire. Oh well, he healed quickly. Even if they cut off his arm, it would grow back. Eventually.

He frowned when he saw the two boys in the office clustered around the girl from before; a girl who was the telepath he hated.

Finally getting a full grip on himself, Dagger shot towards them, but the human from before, the speedster, Kid Flash, grabbed hold of his tail and held tight, running in the opposite direction and shouting, "I don't think so!"

Dagger growled at the minor annoyance; who he really wanted to fight was Superboy. He was full of righteous anger, and powerful enough to cause him to bleed.

Dagger loved it.

Kid Flash stopped running, and using his super speed, nailed Dagger with dozens of punches, causing the ghost boy to wince. Man, that hurt.

"Why are you attacking us?!" The speedster asked, dodging an ecto-blast and nailing Dagger in the stomach, causing the boy to fall to the ground in pain. "What the heck did we do!?"

Dagger winced and pulled himself to his feet. "You are here to harm my master." He said, gasping for air. Dang, did he bruise a lung? "I won't let you."

The African boy raised his arms in surrender, eyes placid and pleading. "We are not here to harm your master, Dagger."

He froze, not dropping his stance but allowing himself to stop hovering, landing on the tile in confusion.

"That's your name, correct?"

Dagger nodded slowly, trying to make sense of what was going on.

The boy breathed a sigh of relief and pointed to himself. "My name is Kaldur'ahm, also known as Aqualad. He-" He pointed towards another boy, one with a mask concealing his face and a black cape. "-is Robin."

Dagger was confused. If they weren't here to harm his master, why were they here?

"I saw you two," Dagger said slowly, pointing towards the named Kaldur'ahm and Robin, "In my master's office, preparing an assassination attempt. You three," He gestured towards M'gann, Superboy and Kid Flash, "-were looking for him to carry out your plan."

Kid Flash burst out laughing. "You've gotta be kidding me! We were here for you!"

Those were the wrong words to say, however, as Dagger was immediately back on high alert, hands glowing, eyes full of fear?

"I'M NOT GOING BACK THERE!" He roared, and attacked again. Kid Flash yelped and sped out of the way, Kaldur'ahm cursing after the speedster. Robin pulled M'gann out of the way, as she was still muddled, and Superboy once again charged their attacker.

Superboy gritted his teeth as the energy surrounding Dagger's hands expanded, a glowing white aura starting to appear.

Something tells me this just entered a whole new world of complicated, Superboy deadpanned and dodged Dagger's now finely tuned attacks.

Dagger grew irritated as Superboy nailed him through a wall- again. In retaliation, the boy charged full speed at Superboy, green eyes glinting red. Taken by surprise, the clone was hurled down the hallway, creating a dent in the linoleum floor.

Kid Flash, having already been filled in on the plan, ran circles around Dagger, creating a whirl wind to suck out the oxygen.

To their surprise, Dagger wasn't gasping for breath. He looked winded, but nothing to suggest oxygen deprivation.

Superboy struggled to his feet, getting annoyed with how many times Dagger nailed him through a wall and roared, charging Dagger at full force.

Kid Flash stopped running and zipped out of the way. Disoriented, Dagger was taken by surprise when Superboy held him in a chest lock, arms pinned behind his back.

Dagger struggled as hard as he could, finally resorting to phasing back into human form to get out of Superboy's grasp, hopeful that the foreign feeling would get him to let go, but to no avail.

M'gann walked up to Dagger, her eyes shining a bright green, and her voice resounded inside his head.

Let me in.

His barriers broke as she thrust her way inside his consciousness.

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

* * *

><p>M'gann was horrified at the inside of Dagger's mind. She was in an enclosed room, with a boy screaming in pain on a lab table, green and red blood seeping out of various wounds.<p>

Faceless adults in lab coats encircled him, some brandishing tasers, others their fists. On Dagger's head was a circular device that thrummed and vibrated, and M'gann knew she had to do something.

Taking action, she forced the scientists to disperse, but he didn't stop screaming. Quickly, she reached for the device above his head, struggling to get it off of him, and succeeded. It fell to the ground in a heap, shattering into nothingness as it hit the linoleum floor.

She moved to attempt to heal his wounds, but as she reached a hand towards him, a blast of energy pushed her away. Startled, she looked up to find him glaring at her, his eyes a flaming red.

"Getâ€| outâ€| ofâ€| myâ€| HEAD!"

Barriers reinforced themselves, and M'gann found herself back inside her own body again, Dagger struggling against Superboy.

"What did you do to me?!" He screamed, struggling to break free.
"WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME!?"

The white aura encircling him expanded, his eyes mere trails of neon green vapor. Superboy let him go, only to find himself being rammed through several layers of wall once again.

Wally readied himself in a prepared running stance, and Robin reached for his gadgets. Kaldur readied his swords, and M'gann only stood there, staring at him in shock and mortification.

"Why do you obey them?" She whispered. Dagger's aura faded slightly, and the rest of the team stayed prepared. Who knew what he would do.

"Because it is my duty to protect," He snarled, green eyes boring into her own. "I live to obey my master's orders."

Wally gaped at him. "Why? What's the point?"

Dagger glared at him, but made no move to attack. "Because it is what I was built to do!"

M'gann shook her head and took a step forward, eyes full of pity and compassion. But what she was about to say was lost in the thrumming of incoming feet.

"Dagger!"

He turned to see Lex Luthor, a girl in a business suit behind him. In the billionaires hands was a large, black gun that screamed, _'Get hit by this and you're dead.'_

He surveyed the damage to the hallway and glared at his uninvited guests. Pointing the bazooka in their direction, his eyes were cold as he stated calmly, "End them."

Dagger instantly returned into his fighting stance, aiming his energy blasts towards M'gann, but Robin pulled her aside at the last second and threw a handful of black marbles at Luthor and Mercy. Dagger immediately changed tactics and destroyed the smoke bombs, releasing the smoke.

Realizing that his targets were escaping through the fog, Dagger shot blindly, eyes burning in frustration. When the smoke cleared, however, they were gone, the destroyed hallway and Dagger's various wounds the only thing that betrayed they had been there.

Dagger returned to human form, winded and drained. He panted heavily, having exerted much of his power in the fight, and was dimly aware of the cyborg picking him up and carrying him back towards the office.

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

* * *

><p>Inside the bioship, no one said a word, too shaken at the fate they had narrowly escaped. Dagger had nearly killed them, and easily took out Superboy time and time again.<p>

Wally's tactics and super speed had no effect, and he also had a suspicion that Dagger didn't need to breath to survive.

Superboy felt useless; Dagger had took him out time and time again, and in that narrow hallway, there wasn't many things he could use in a fight.

Kaldur felt useless; he hardly fought in the battle whatsoever and ended up playing defense.

Robin saw himself as a failure, and glancing at his teammates, wondered if bringing Young Justice together really was the right choice. He gripped the flash drive in his hand; the mission wasn't a complete failure, however.

They flew in silence, until M'gann turned to Kaldur and asked in a pleading tone, "Do you think you can take over?"

The atlantian was so surprised at the request all he could do was nod.

Quickly, the bioship unstrapped him from his seat, and he traded places with M'gann, eyeing the controls nervously.

M'gann flopped into the seat, staring dead ahead with a vacant expression.

"Umâ€¦ M'gann?" Wally asked hesitantly. "Are youâ€¦?"

The Martian nodded, wiping at her eyes. "I'm fine, but Daggerâ€¦" She

shook her head, looking Wally dead in the eyes. "They've tortured him there, Wally. They torture him and experiment on him and abuse him and he still stays there."

Silence permeated the bioship, until Robin held the flash drive aloft, saying grimly, "I can make a copy of this, and we can look through one while Batman looks at the other one." He fixed M'gann with a completely serious face. "If what you say is true, we're busting him out, willingly or not."

"No one deserves that kind of life," Kaldur agreed.

The time passed slowly, with everyone going over various wounds. Wally and Superboy had received the brunt of Dagger's attacks. Kaldur and Robin had various bruises, while M'gann was completely untouched.

As they flew inside Mount Justice, Kaldur slowly parked the bioship and the five teen heroes left, Superboy failing to disguise a limp.

Black Canary was the first to see them, eyeing them over quickly before turning to Robin and asking, "Do you have the drive?"

With the boy wonder's nod, she sighed and asked dryly, "I take it the boy wasn't too happy with the idea of coming with you?"

Wally shook his head. "Not a chance. And by the way, kid's name is Dagger, apparently."

Canary blinked as the speedster zipped past them, probably headed towards the infirmary to get his wounds checked out. Superboy lumbered after the speedster, the ever present scowl quite visible.

Canary turned to Kaldur. "Fill me in."

As the atlantian opened his mouth to reply, a voice behind them called out, "He won't do that now. The team needs to rest first. Debriefing can wait until after they've been checked over."

It was Batman. The Dark Knight's face was set in its usual scowl as he walked towards them.

Turning towards Robin, he extended his hand for the flash drive. Robin handed it to his mentor and turned towards Kaldur. "I'm gonna hit the showers," He said and walked after Wally and Superboy.

M'gann moved to follow, but Batman blocked her path. "After the shower, meet in the mission room for a debrief."

The Martian nodded and flew after the boys. Kaldur gave Batman a questioning glance before he too followed after the team.

"That boyâ€¦ he's powerful, Batman. He took out the team, and would have had Luthor not intervened."

Batman nodded, looking Canary in the eyes. "I know. That's why I sent them; to see if they were strong enough as a team."

"Are they?" Her tone was questioning, but there was an undertone that seemed to say, _You're really asking for it._

"No. They need more training, more discipline," Batman answered. Black Canary sighed. "They're going to try again, you know."

Batman nodded. "I know."

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

* * *

><p>Dagger opened his eyes to find himself in his room, laying on his back, facing the ceiling. With a small wince, he sat up and tried to stretch, only to find he was still sore from the fight.<p>

_ "Why do you obey them?" _

Dagger frowned, shaking his head in an effort to ignore the voice, but it persisted.

_ "Why do you obey them?" _

He obeyed because it was his purpose. His purpose was to protect.

_ "Why? What's the point?" _

He stopped. The point was becauseâ€¦ it was what he was made to do. He was supposed to protect his master.

That was why he was alive.

He stood up, momentarily dizzy, but when the feeling passed he phased through the wall and saw the office was empty once again, except for his master, who was talking on his phone.

_ "What's the point?" _

He growled, blue eyes glowing a faint green. The voices stopped, but he could feel them in the back of his mind, itching to be answered.

Now in complete favor of ignoring the voices, Dagger turned himself visible and smiled inwardly at his master's surprised face when he flickered into view.

"Yesâ€¦ yes, I know. Yeah, he's still alive." He paused, sighing at the voice on the other end of the line. "Yes, those pesky brats are still alive. They got away before Dagger terminated them."

Dagger blinked, eyeing the phone curiously. Who was his master talking to?

"Yes, I'll have him get to it soon. Look, I'll call you back." With that, Luthor ended the call, brows furrowed and looking a bit irritated.

"When did you wake up?"

Dagger hesitated in his answer. "A few minutes ago, master." He answered genuinely, and winced as the feeling, the urge grew stronger. But to do what?

Luthor relaxed in his chair, looking a bit relieved. "Do you feel up to going after Young Justice again?"

Dagger blinked. "And to what?"

Luthor sighed. "Terminate them. The Light has become slightly worried that they will pose a threat to their plans, and have instructed you to terminate them."

Dagger nodded slowly, a mental frown forming. They wanted him to kill someone? To kill five people? Why?

And at the same time, he knew why, and that half wanted to obey without question. The other half protected strongly, and yet it was weak, as if it had been asleep for a long time and finally opened its eyes.

Dagger knew, though, that the feeling he was receiving wasn't the urge to terminate Young Justice.

But what was it?

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

* * *

><p>Two weeks had passed since the Team encountered Dagger. Batman had quickly created a profile of the boy, detailing his abilities as explained by the team.<p>

The five teenagers huddled around a single laptop, each dressed in swimwear. The plan was to pose as if they were going to the beach, and Wally was disappointed over the idea of not going swimming, but they all agreed that figuring out exactly what Luthor was up to and what the League was hiding from them was more important.

Currently, they were all in Superboy's room, which was simply adorned with a bed, a closet, a dresser holding spare black T-shirts and jeans, and a few pairs of sneakers.

Wally took one look at the room and offered to paint it over for him, but Superboy declined.

"Alright, you guys ready?" Robin asked. They all nodded, and Wally zipped out of the room and ran all over the base, returning with a bag of chips in hand. "Bats and Canary are out; Tornado is in his den so we're green for go."

Superboy frowned. "Why does everyone say that?"

Everyone ignored his question and instead watched the screen as Robin

clicked on a folder labeled, "Subject 43 â€" First Trials."

A video appeared, with a young boy that was unmistakably Dagger. He was in his power form, dodging attacks from all sides of the training area he was in, green eyes blazing with determination.

Three minutes later, he won against a staggering number of thirty five opponents. In the video, he was only eight years old.

Frowning, Robin exited the file and scrolled down, trying find something that would give them a good idea of his life in the compound, not just training.

Another file caught the boy wonder's interest; labeled 'Scientific Enhancements â€" Fiftieth Trial,' Robin had a sinking feeling as the video loaded.

Their eyes opened in shock as they saw a ten year old Dagger strapped to a table, eyes closed and his body trembling with fear as the scientist advanced.

"Subject 43 has disobeyed protocol by engaging in a fight with Agents 5, 64, J and X. Trials have been suspended until it is fully obedient to the cause."

The scientist adjusted his glasses before picking up a faintly glowing scapel, and walked up to the boy, who opened his eyes and for a brief moment, there was a fighting spirit in those eyes, proof that he wasn't broken.

But then the spark faded and he went limp, ready for his inevitable punishment. The scientist licked his lips, an insane gleam in his dark brown eyes.

"Proceeding with the appropriate punishment," He said, and brought the scapel down into Dagger's stomach. The boy screamed in pain, and the scientist tsked. "None of that is permitted, Subject 43. You know this."

The boy whimpered before falling still again, biting his teeth and eyes squeezed tight, waiting for the next blow.

The team grew sick as Dagger was stabbed several more times before a collar was placed around his neck, the remote in the man's hand.

"What is your purpose?"

Dagger looked ready to pass out from the pain, green blood trickling out of the wounds as he finally got out, "O-obey the Lightâ€|"

The man pressed a button and Dagger screamed, his voice raw. "No stuttering. What is your purpose, Subject 43?"

M'gann brought her hands to her mouth as the video was cut. A few seconds later, the scientist appeared on screen again, looking haggard, but the insane gleam still remained in his eyes.

"Subject 43 has responded well with the punishment. Conditioning is advised for later by the higher ups, but our division wants to see

how much pain he can takeâ€|"

He licked his lips again, and Robin moved to stop the video, except Superboy stopped him. "Look," the clone said and pointed behind the scientist, who was still talking.

Dagger had escaped his bonds and was slowly walking up to the man, a dead look in his eyes. His hand coated itself in green energy, and he rammed it into the man's stomach. The scientist looked shocked, and turned his head to see Dagger mumble, "My purpose is to end trash like you."

The scientist pressed a red button, and sirens blared. The scientist slumped to the floor, seemingly dead, and Dagger fixed his eyes on the camera, a gleam of desperation in the green orbs.

"Pleaseâ€| get me out of hereâ€|"

The video stopped then, and the team was completely silent, until Wally zipped out of the room, everyone's costumes in hand. A determined look was on his face as he growled, "We are so getting him out of there."

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

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><p>Quickly, the team dressed in their attire and headed towards the bioship only to see Batman, Black Canary, Red Tornado and Green Arrow standing around in the Mission room.<p>

As per the plan, Wally zeta-tubed inside the Mountain, a large mountain of swimming stuff in hand. He ran forward, exclaiming, "I'm here!" only to trip on a noodle and fall flat on his face.

M'gann laughed and used her telepathy to lift the items off of Wally's injured form, and was surprised to hear another voice join in.

It was another girl, wearing a green outfit with a bow and quiver strapped to her back. She chuckled at Wally's face-plant and eyed the rest of the team, who were confused.

Robin eyed M'gann pointedly, and she quickly activated a telepathic link, just in time for them all to hear Robin's words:_ I think something's come up._

Ya think? Wally sent dryly, moving away from his stuff and glancing at the assembled heroes._ I just made myself look like an idiot in front of Green Arrow! Green Arrow, guys!_

Superboy rolled his eyes. _Don't look so miffed, _he sent with a sly smirk. _You achieve that all the time._

Wally glared at Superboy, and Kaldur quickly intervened. _The plan is changed, not abandoned. Whatever the League is planning, it involves us and our new teammate._

Wally blinked. _New team mate?_

Superboy rolled his eyes, glancing at M'gann and saying, _Is my point proven?_

The Martian chuckled and nodded, allowing the link to remain active as she sent, _I bet we're looking incredibly rude right now, so speak out loud guys. We can discuss the plan later._

Wally started grumbling under his breath as he finally moved all of the swimming things out of the way.

"I'm Kid Flash," He said, handing the girl a hand, "But these guys call me Wally."

"And idiot, and moron, speedster, food fanatic" Robin piped up, a grin on his face. Wally glared at the boy wonder, who just grinned and looked at the girl, giving her a mock salute. "I'm Robin."

"I am Kaldur'ahm, but my friends address me as Kaldur," Kaldur said with a small smile.

"He's also the team leader," Wally added.

"Hi! I'm M'gann, and this is Superboy," M'gann introduced with a smile, hovering above the ground out of habit. Superboy acknowledged the girl with a simple nod, eyeing Green Arrow, Batman and Black Canary curiously.

The girl nodded, looking a bit miffed at having to remember all their names, but proceeded anyways. "I'm Artemis, Green Arrow's new-"

"Padawan?" Wally guessed, a mischievous grin on his face. Artemis laughed at him, shaking her head.

"No, I'm his-"

"She's my-"

"Niece."

Green Arrow and Artemis both laughed at each other, giving Kaldur the opportunity to modify their plan.

We wait until Dagger leaves Lexcorp, He decided. _After freeing his individuality, he should have some doubts about following each and every order blindly._

And if he doesn't leave? Robin asked sourly, waiting for Green Arrow and Artemis to stop laughing.

Kaldur sighed, rubbing his temples. _Then we get him to listen to us._

Superboy nodded. _Sounds like an okay plan, but what about Artemis?_

The team all exchanged a glance. _Let's get to know her first before we ask her to go against the League,_ Robin suggested.

M'gann frowned. _But what if she tells them what we're planning?_

Wally shook his head, glancing at the now calming down Arrow and Artemis. _She won't, because we're gonna show her the files._

Robin nodded slowly, a grin forming on his face. _She'd have to help us then!_

* * *

><p>Simple Truths

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><p>Dagger sighed as he laid on his bed, eyes facing the ceiling. His master had left the building with Mercy an hour ago.<p>

"Why do you obey them?"

The boy sighed and closed his eyes. The voice had grown even more persistent in the weeks since the telepath had entered his mind. Dagger would have told his master, but the voice made him reluctant to. Besides, he wasn't in any mood to let any other telepath into his head to fix the damage M'gann, as she was called, wrought.

Honestly, Dagger found himself wondering what to do with himself. That half of him that wanted to obey was growing smaller and smaller, and the voice grew stronger, as did the ever present urge to say no.

****No**** to the killing, the fighting, the guarding, but always ****Yes**** to the protecting. Something in him always wanted to protect.

He was okay with it; protecting. But more and more, he realized the truth behind his 'master.'

"Why do you obey them?"

Why indeed? Why even call him master to begin with? It's not like he was a pet, or anything.

If so, then he was a very dangerous, very ghostly pet.

Dagger groaned and rubbed his eyes, dragging his hands down his face. This sucked. Like, really, really, _really _sucked.

A part of him longed to be ordered around, and the other half screamed at him to refuse and leave, to be free.

He didn't know what to believe anymore.

4. The Promises I Made To You

_**Funkatron : ** ... Wait, seriously? ... Are you okay with me leaving it as it is...? I don't really wanna go back and fix it all... are you fine with that? If it's okay, I'll just apologize over and over. It's been a suuuuper long time since I watched the

series... Heh heh heh... ^^''_

**HateIsRealAndItIsMe : ** Okay. I LOVE your username. Like, seriously. A friend of mine would be all like, 'Forrest! Look! It's my dream name~!' The oddball want's to rename himself Raziel, for Dark Souls. Talk about a dedicated fan. And thank yooou! I try very hard to make my writing unique, and for this story I'm trying a different style. I really like it ;p

**EmPro8 : ** ... Dude, you have no idea how long I type up my chapters. Seriously. It takes me a record of two days to get 50k words down, and that's when I have homework. Sam and Tucker will come into play! I promise! I have an entire arc planned out for Jazz's appearance too, but be prepared for some MAJOR derailing from cannon.

_**MiaulinK : ** _GASP_ Are you really THE MiaulinK?! _FRANTICALLY CHECKS YOUR PROFILE_ Oh maw gawd I love your stories! Dude! I feel so awesome right now!_

_**KidGenius / ****16ckelmen : ** Care Giver will appear again, and yes, Dagger/Danny/Subject 43 will remember _EVERYTHING._ So don't worry. But that won't be until... eeehhh... a while, I guess._

_**Drift219 : **Glad you like it! And Dagger/Artemis... Hmm... _GRINS EVILLY_ Wait and see. Wait and see._

**socialgirl378 : ** ... No comment. ;p

Clockwork's Apprentice :

"... "

"... "

"... "

... Did... Are you... following... my story?

...Senpai noticed me...

DIES FROM THE OVERLOAD OF AWESOMENESS

X-P

COMES BACK TO LIFE!

Why thank you, Lazarus pit. Now, onto the chapter!

* * *

><p>Danny Phantom and Young Justice doesn't belong to me. Sad, though - I want another season of both.

* * *

><p>The Promises **I Made ****To You**

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><p>Dagger was not amused.<p>

First, Young Justice attacks Lex Luthor. Acting on his ingrained instincts, he valiantly came to the rescue, beating up the collection of teenaged heroes pretty fast.

Next, Luthor " He had long ago decided against calling the man 'master'" left the office for several hours with that damned cyborg, then came back and ordered him onto a plane.

So after that boring as hell private flight of sitting absolutely still and doing nothing, Dagger found himself watching in the shadows as Luthor spoke to this 'Sensei' dude about a container of fog.

Honestly he was seriously considering walking away right now. Maybe then he could find entertainment in being chased down by Lex.

But alas, he couldn't leave. At least, not yet.

To be honest, he was seriously confused if he was ever going to leave Luthor. He wanted to, and yet" he just couldn't bring himself to do it.

Which really sucked when you were bored out of your mind.

"Are you sure you can collect the proper amounts of information for us?" Luthor asked Sensei, who nodded hurriedly, a creepy grin on his face. "Of course," He said, taking a mock bow. "I live to serve."

Dagger frowned; say what now? Using his super hearing, he sank farther into the darkness of night and listened in.

"The Light will honor your services, Sensei," Luthor promised, and handed over a large canister that screamed danger. Sensei held the thermos-thing carefully, and after inspecting it, nodded his head and stroked it like a pet.

Dagger half expected the guy to hiss out, "My preciousss"

He frowned, shaking his head. What the hell-?

"Dagger, come."

At Luthor's words, Dagger came into view, with Sensei stopping his obsessive stare and turning his attention to Dagger. "Hm" The man eyed him inquisitively, walking forward and studying him.

Dagger wanted to punch the man in the face.

"Ah" a child slave, Luthor?" He asked, looking up towards the billionaire. Luthor shook his head. "No, this is my bodyguard."

Sensei blinked, then his eyes shone with" something. It made Dagger want to turn around and cower.

"I see" and is he for sale?"

No sooner did the words leave the man's mouth did Dagger spin into action, allowing his hands to be enveloped in green energy, his eyes flashing a bright green. Sensei took a step back, and Luthor put his hand on Dagger's shoulder.

"No, he isn't for sale, Sensei. Dagger is mine," Lex responded calmly, and turning around, beckoned with his hand for Dagger to follow.

"We're leaving."

As Mercy stood at attention, and Lex entered his limo, Dagger sent a piercing glare towards the Scientist, then followed after the billionaire, his face pressed into a scowl and his eyes burning a bright, furious toxic green.

No one owns us, A voice in his mind hissed. _And when we finally get rid of him, no one ever will._

Sensei held the canister in his hands, smirking as the limo drove away. He could tell by the way 'Dagger' reacted to Luthor's words that he had a free will in those burning eyes.

As they say, the eyes are the mirror to the soul and Dagger's eyes were that of an untamed beast, just waiting to be set free.

He chuckled as the limo vanished from sight. This was going to be very entertaining.

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><p>The Promises ***I Made *****To You**

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><p>"So what's the objective?"<p>

The team was located in the mission room, waiting for their mission to be assigned. Now that they had a new teammate, and a girl no less, they were excited to see what she was able to do in the field.

And yet they were distracted by their own self assigned mission - Rescue Dagger from Lex Luthor and give him sanctuary from the hordes of organizations that experiment on and torture him.

But now they were forced to modify their plan... By a large quantity.

Kaldur sighed and rubbed his temples; totally not his day.

"You're mission is to retrieve Dr. Serling Roquette from the League of Shadows," Batman started.

Wally gaped at the Dark Knight. "You want us to WHAT?!"

At his outburst, many turned to look at him. The speedster didn't care for the sudden attention, however; he was more focused on their assigned suicide mission.

"The Shadows hate when people go against them! With us on their hit-list, it'll be super hard to get into their base again, let alone leave with our heads attached!" He raged.

Robin scoffed. "Says the guy who eats ten times his weight in carbs."

Artemis snickered at this, and Wally glared at the Boy Wonder and started to reply, but Batman intervened. "Enough! If you think you won't be able to handle this mission, Kid Flash, then you can quit this team."

Wally looked like he wanted to crawl inside a hole and die, but before he could actually go through with it, Batman continued his debrief.

"Roquette has been forced to continue her nanotech project; called FOG, this virus is capable of destroying anything in its path while simultaneously gathering every gigabyte of data from it."

Robin looked alarmed. "With this type of weapon, the Shadows can easily blackmail and destroy their opposition, leaving nothing behind but dust and memories," He realized.

Black Canary nodded. "This is why we called in Artemis. She is familiar with the Shadows, having fought them before. On this mission, you five will have to trust her advice and work as a team."

Everyone exchanged glances, not knowing where this was going.

"Artemis, is here on out, part of Young Justice. Since you five trust each other with your lives, I suggest you trust her with yours as well," Arrow said, giving them all kind yet stern looks. "Trust her judgment as well as your own."

Kaldur nodded. "Then where do we find Roquette?" He asked, changing the subject.

"That's where I come in," A voice called from behind them.

A familiar stood there, dressed in a new getup but his familiar smirk giving him away in the shadows.

"Roy!" Robin exclaimed, a wide grin on his face. Roy nodded, giving them a small wave. "Yo."

"Been a while, Roy," Kaldur remarked as their long-time friend drew closer.

"Yeah. Nice getup, Speedy," Wally chimed in, eyeing Roy's new costume with a grin.

Roy's eye twitched. "It's Red Arrow now," He said, and turned to face Artemis, a snort escaping him as he gave Green Arrow an 'I-am-so-not-amused' look.

"Already replacing me, Arrow?" He questioned Artemis glared at Roy, reaching for her bow.

"What, don't think I can use this?" Artemis taunted, fully prepared to fire. Roy shook his head. "I don't doubt your abilities; Oliver here can teach a moron how to shoot in a manner of days."

With calculating eyes, he added, "But the problem is finding out whether the protÃ©gÃ© is a natural or an amateur."

Artemis bristled with rage and reached for an arrow, only for Green Arrow to stop her, giving Roy a pleading look. "Roy, you can come back, you know. Young Justice--"

"Is a team full of inexperienced kids who believes that everything will turn out okay for them because they're the heroes," Roy interjected, eyeing them all with a critical glare. "And you know that large groups just slow me down, Oliver."

Artemis looked ready to strangle Roy, so Superboy intervened. He stood in the middle of Artemis and Roy, glaring at 'Red Arrow.'

"If that's what you believe, I'm not against it," He said. "Before they found me, I was just a mindless clone. Then I joined up with them and was pretty pissed off about joining a team," Superboy confessed. "But after staying with them and getting to know them, they're my friends, too. And I know they have my back."

He eyed Roy with a gaze that made the teen want to take a step back.

"Who has yours?"

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><p>The Promises **I Made ****To You**

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><p>Not.<p>

Amused.

AT ALL.

Dagger felt like breaking something. Honestly! They get on a freaking plane to see this guy, get back to Lexcorp and discover, lo and behold, it was pointless.

Dagger was pissed.

We went on that plane for nothing?! The voice inside him raged. _I swear, one dayâ€¦|_

Dagger sighed as he entered his room and flopped down onto his bed, eyes focused on the ceiling.

Nothing to do, nothing to do, nothing to -

He bolted upright, a grin set on his face. Of course!

Phasing out of the room, Dagger sank through the floor, descending

each floor invisibly until he reached his destination: The basement.

Grin still in place, Dagger phased through the last wall and nearly wept with joy. A room dedicated solely to training.

He switched into Ghost form, pleasure coursing through his spine and legs as he hovered above the ground.

Dagger set to work, programming the room to 'Level Six.'

As he waited for the hologram to kick in, some vague sense in his mind told him he'd been in this type of situation before.

Shrugging off the odd feeling of déjà vu, Dagger blasted each holographic droid coming his way.

This is fun, the voice in his head said with glee.

Dagger found himself agreeing with it. After all, it was just a voice.

What harm was there in agreeing with it?

* * *

><p>The Promises ***I Made ****To You**

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><p>"Umâ€| so, what do you like to do?"<p>

They were in the bioship, headed towards the location Roy had placed Roquette in. They were all genuinely curious about their new teammate, and so the profession of small talk was engaged.

"Shoot arrows, obviously," Artemis answered coolly, holding her weapon for Wally to see.

"Have you always had a talent for archery?" Kaldur asked. Artemis nodded. "Yeah, I kind of had to learn how. Besides, what's the point of a gun when you're on stealth missions?"

Robin nodded. "Yeah. I hate when people bring unnecessarily loud devices to beat me up with."

Wally paused, giving Robin a 'Dude, really?' look. "Rob, seriously? You have exploding stuff in that belt of yours all the time!"

Robin blinked, then looked sheepish, rubbing the back of his head nervously. "Yeahâ€| I guess you're rightâ€|"

M'gann snickered at them, then saw Kaldur eye her with a critical gaze. She immediately realized what he was asking her to do, and inclined her head ever so slightly. M'gann's eyes flashed a bright green, and a mental link was established between the team, sans Artemis.

So are we going to tell her now? Or what? M'gann asked.

Robin looked like he was going to turn and glare at her, but didn't, instead replying with, _I think we should wait for the mission to be over. When we get back to Mount Justice, we can show her the files._

And we can achieve a true judge of her character all in one fell swoop, Kaldur surmised. Wally sighed, nodding his head and waiting for Artemis to ask Robin a question before replying.

I think she's a good person, Wally said. _I know we can trust her._

Because of her good looks? Superboy teased, earning a red face from Wally, causing them all to laugh at his expense. Seeing the conversation was over, M'gann canceled the link and laughed along with them.

I wouldn't give this up for the world, She thought as the bioship continued to fly along.

A frown settled on her face as he remembered that Dagger had probably never felt the kind of love she received from her friends. Her mind made up, she gripped the controls harder, determination settling in her eyes.

We will get you out of there, Dagger, and when we do, I'll make sure you find your family.

I promise.

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><p>The Promises ***I Made *****To You**

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><p>A man stood in a circular chamber, the sounds of off-key clicking clocks chiming all around him.<p>

His face was concealed by a large purple cloak, hood pulled down to cover the majority of his head. In his hands laid a simple ornate staff, a swirling green orb placed at the crook.

His eyes were a deep crimson, and they were full of wisdom and pain, as if he held the entire world's responsibilities' in his hands.

In front of him was an image; the image of a boy laughing with two other children.

The first had shaggy black hair, his eyes a bright blue. He wore simple jeans and a coke-themed t-shirt.

To his left was another boy, appearing to have African heritage. He wore a pastel orange shirt with an orange hat, the frill covering the back of his head in an odd style the man was seeing more and more teenagers use.

The boy wore simple beige cargo pants, holding a mechanical contraption called a 'PDA,' but referred to him as 'Pandora, Precious,' and 'My Pretty.'

To the boy's right was a girl, wearing black-and purple themed clothes; a short top, black plaid skirt and leggings. Her dark raven hair was done up in a high pony tail, and her eyes were a natural violet shade that made her seem perfect for the gothic look.

The man watched the image as the three teenagers changed appearances.

The first boy's appearance shifted to reveal startling white hair and emerald eyes, dressed in a black hazmat suit with a simple 'DP' emblazoned on the chest.

The other boy's appearance changed to resemble that of a Pharaoh's, with a long goatee, toga and head wear, holding the signature crook and flail of ancient Egypt.

The girl's change was most prominent. Her hair undid itself, brushing against her shoulders. Her violet eyes changed to a solid shifting green, and her usual black clothing was replaced by a leaf-textured green mini-dress, thorn vines wrapped around her arms and legs and yet not piercing her pale skin.

The man sighed, and his once 30-ish appearance changed into that of a young child's, with buckteeth and freckles.

"The past has been changed, Phantom," He said with a sigh. "I hope you are pleased that he hasn't, and never will, rise."

Watching the image of the boy in the center, the boy's appearance changed once again to reveal crimson eyes and his shaggy white hair replaced by flickering flames. A large ornate ring adorned his finger, and a green crown of fire and thorns adorned his head, an intimidating cloak of ectoplasmic blood waving behind him.

"But the timeline will always find a way, Daniel Fenton. It always has."

"Musing again?"

The man turned to see a young woman, her auburn hair flickering like flames in the dim light. Her attire was revealing, yet improvised for battle.

A simple corset was placed over her rather prominent chest, a crimson red color with fiery patterns made out of black lace.

Her abdomen was covered by a thin layer of black lace, the sides exposed, however.

Skin tight, black short-shorts covered her rather robust 'gluteus maximus.' More lace covered the rest of her legs, and around her hips was a type of skirt. It was nothing more than a ribbon on her sides, but it dragged low in front of her front and backside, giving her a rather 'indian-like' style.

Her eyes were a surprising emerald green, bringing out her fire-like appearance even more.

Around her neck rested a simple charm; a small miniature dagger of

sorts, but something about it radiated danger.

The man sighed, giving the girl an unamused glare that held anything but hostility.

"Why are you here, Adara?"

Newly named Adara rolled her eyes and continued walking towards him, stopping when she was but a foot away from him. "You're the freaking lord of time. Why the hell are you asking me that question, Clockwork?"

Clockwork sighed and turned away from the image, facing her and changing back into his 30-ish appearance.

"Because it is polite, and I had to in order to choose the correct path for the time stream," He replied coolly. "You know this."

Adara raised an eyebrow at him. "Suuureâ€¦ Whatever you say, Tick-tock."

Clockwork's eye twitched at the nickname, but he gave no further comment.

Turning away from the odd girl, he focused his attention back onto the image, whose image changed to blur the girl and boy out of the image, leaving the boy all alone, his body littered with scars, blue eyes full of pain as green and red blood poured from his wounds, and he vanished from view, not reappearing.

"â€¦I feel sorry for him," Adara said out of the blue. Clockwork raised an eyebrow, returning his attention back to her as he turned to look at the fiery girl.

She fingered her necklace, adding slowly, "Kinky knew what he was gonna have to do in order to prevent it from happening, but watching the little squirt in that placeâ€¦" She shuddered; small curls of steam rising from her arms. "â€¦that was no place to grow up, Clocky. Not even for him."

Clockwork once again ignored her nickname and nodded, a sigh escaping his lips. "Phantom knew what he was getting himself into, Adara. He chose this path to prevent it, all for the sake of his obsession."

Adara sighed, once again glancing towards the image, a sorrowful look in her emerald eyes.

"The thing about ghosts whose obsession is protecting peopleâ€¦ They do everything they can to prevent the ones they care about from dying, and in return they meet the cruelest of fates."

A small, sad smile formed on her face, watching as a new image appeared.

The one with a young man with starch white hair, adorned in a familiar looking hazmat suit but with noticeable changes. A ring adorned his finger, crown and cloak long forgotten. A grin was on his face as on his shoulders laid a young boy, not older than several years, whose appearance was similar to the older's, except his skin

had a blue tint with flickering green hair. A young girl held onto the man's hand, her white hair done into pigtails.

"â€|but sometimes, they can prevent such an end, and start a new beginning."

* * *

><p>The Promises ***I Made ****To You**

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><p>Wowâ€| this mental contact stuff is weird, Artemis sent with a shudder, trying to get used to speaking with her thoughts.

Wally nodded, standing close to her and watching Dr. Roquette type furiously on her computer. _Yeah, took me a bit to get used to it, but after a while it'll be like second nature,_ The speedster told her with an amused twinkle in his eyes.

Artemis shuddered again, shaking her head slowly. _Don't think I ever will,_ She replied dryly.

I still don't understand why youâ€| um, humans don't enjoy the freedoms of a mental link, M'gann huffed as she hovered invisibly above the abandoned building Dr. Roquette, Wally, and Artemis were inside.

Robin sighed. _I keep forgetting you aren't humanâ€|_

Superboy raised an eyebrow from his position in an alleyway, surveying the ground and branching out his super hearing, just in case_. Really? Did you also somehow forget I'm a clone, Kaldur is from Atlantis, Wally has super-speed and you're the protÃ©gÃ© of Batman?_

He has a point there, Kaldur mused from his place underneath the waves, close enough to the shore to jump out of the water and aid in a fight, yet far away enough to get a good view of the water to see if any Shadows were coming by boat.

Robin sent them all mental laughter, sounding odd to those not accustomed to the feeling of knowing someone was laughing, yet not hearing the sound. _Heh heh hehâ€| my badâ€|_

â€|I don't know what's worse, Serling grumbled as she typed on her computer. _Listening to teenagers make small-talk, or worry that some Assassin is going to kill me._

No one is going to die tonight, Kaldur said immediately, wishing he was up there with the doctor to further reassure her. _I will make sure of it._

The scientist sighed and rubbed at her temples, giving Wally and Artemis a tired look. _I guess all this hurrying is making me lose my grip_, She sent with a forced chuckle. _I'm sorry. I know you six are doing your best._

Wally shrugged. _With the imminent threat of a highly dangerous

nanotech weapon in the hands of the Shadows? Yeah, I think everyone on the planet would understand._

Artemis bit her lip to keep herself from laughing out loud, waves of unsuppressed humor swelling through the mental link.

So this is what it's like to be part of a teamâ€¦ She thought, a smile forming on her face as her humor faded away, leaving a still amused twinge. _I love it already._

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><p>The Promises ***I Made ****To You**

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><p>Dagger flopped onto his bed, utterly exhausted. He had beat Level Six through fourteen; eight levels of pure hard work, stamina and reflexes.<p>

Which was, as always, accompanied by the ever-present cuts, bruises and scars that added themselves to his collection.

To say he was exhausted was a bit extreme, though. The urge to conserve energy in case of an emergency still stuck with him, even though he was starting to 'defect.'

Dagger no longer cared, though. So what if he was defecting? He felt better than he ever had in years.

A frown formed on his face; maybe, just maybe, if he kept his 'defection' a secret from Luthor long enough, his memories would come back?

Determination swelled in him; worth a shot, honestly. He didn't have much to lose, after all; Just an extremely shitty half-life.

The image of Young Justice came to mind, the way they had tried to speak with him. M'gann, if he remembered right, had been the only one that escaped without a scratch. Something inside of him just couldn't bring himself to hurt her.

He groaned and dragged his hand over his face. He owed that telepath now, for 'freeing' him.

Dagger sighed and stood up, headed towards his stash of ectoplasm and pulled out a large piece, the average size of a granola bar, and started to eat.

As he munched on his tasteless treat, Dagger felt energy sweep through his veins, and without looking in the mirror, knew his eyes were glowing green, even in human form.

As he finished his 'meal' and settled back down onto his bed, his thoughts once again started to wander.

"Why do you obey them?"

I don't, Came his answer. _Notâ€¦ anymore. I amâ€¦ no ones. I belongâ€¦ to no one._

His eyes shone a toxic green, his hair changing color from black to white, his clothes wavering until they faded into a black suit.

I make my own decisions, He continued. _I am my own person. I won't stay here any longer._

A frown formed, his excitement ebbing away. _But where do I go?_

"Dagger," A voice called from outside the room. The boy stood to his feet and phased through the wall, finding himself face to face with Luthor and three others.

The first was what appeared to be a teenager, dressed in a skin tight maroon onesie that covered his arms, legs and face completely. In his hands was a simple gun, knives strapped to a belt hanging at the hips.

To his left was a woman, with frizzy black hair and an odd-looking cat mask. She was wearing an emerald kimono, cut short on the bottoms to reveal attractive legs. In a sheathe on her side was a simple kunai.

The last person in the room was another man, large and broad, unlike the other male. He was wearing a simple ski mask, his hair a golden blonde. A grey shirt adorned his chest, simple black cargo pants adding to his appearance. Weapons of every kind hung from him, and Dagger knew without a doubt that many more were concealed. White armor completed his look, and the half-ghost eyed the three of them suspiciously, eying Luthor with a hard, questioning gaze.

The billionaire quickly continued with his initial task. "Dagger, these are Cheshire, Black Spider and Sports Master. You will be joining them to complete your mission."

Each of the three standing there eyed him critically, Black Spider scoffing. "Come on, we're working with a kid?"

His disbelief was cut short when Dagger shot forward, pinning the man down and holding a flickering green ecto-blast close to his face. Black Spider was caught completely off guard, and Cheshire chuckled. "Don't underestimate your enemies," She told Black Spider as Dagger let the man go, eyes fading back into their familiar cold blue color. "Or your allies either."

Luthor eyed the exchange with an amused glint in his eyes. "Dagger, you will be working with the Shadows to terminate your target: Dr. Serling Roquette."

"The Leaguers have deployed a team of their own to stop us, so we'll have our hands full," Sports Master added. "A little birdy told me you took the whole team out pretty fast."

Dagger nodded slowly. So that was what this was about. Turning towards Luthor, he bowed and said, "I shall return victorious, master."

Luthor nodded. "Go."

As the four disappeared into the night, Cheshire smirked as she watched their ally fly alongside them. That boy clearly hated Luthor, and everything to do with the billionaire. Stupid genius didn't even recognize the glint in the boy's eyes that promised death.

Her smirk spread into an amused grin. Oh yes " quite entertaining indeed.

"Here's the plan," Sports Master said. "Draw the kids out of their hiding places. Dagger, you have the Martian. File says you can block your mind to telepaths."

The boy nodded. "Correct."

The broad man looked satisfied, and turned towards Black Spider. "Your job is to keep the team busy and keep Doc from finishing her anti-virus."

The lanky man nodded, and Dagger could see a smug look take over his features. "Right."

"Cheshire, you keep sweetie-pie busy," He continued. The woman smirked behind her mask, and Dagger blinked at the term 'sweetie-pie,' but made no comment. Instead, he shifted into his ghost form, forcing his white aura to disperse into nothingness, but a faint glow still remained.

Cheshire whistled softly at him. "Should'a named you lightbulb," She mused.

Ignoring her comment, Dagger turned himself invisible, surprising them. "May I proceed?" He asked Sports Master in a low monotone, not caring if the humans in front of him were creeped out by the voice in the air.

The man nodded. "Yes; go."

Without a word, Dagger flew towards his target, knowing that he had to complete the mission.

"Why do you obey them?"

He faltered, hovering in the air.

"What's the point?"

He glanced towards at the unsuspecting M'gann, half of him screaming at him to obey his orders, the other whispering to him a single phrase that seemed to hit him in his very core.

"Go with them."

* * *

<p>The Promises ***I Made ****To You**

* * *

>p>Clockwork sighed as he looked away from the image, the pictures fading from sight. "It is done," He said to Adara. "From here on out,

I can no longer intervene."<p>

Adara nodded, giving the ghost a sad smile. "Soâ€| then it's my turn?"

He nodded, and Adara sighed, an image forming of a young eight year old girl with orange hair and cerulean eyes, beaming up into the shadowy forms of her parents. When her parents dispersed, the little girl aged. From eight to eighteen, her appearance changed dramatically.

Where her hair had once been long, reaching past her shoulder blades, this girl's hair had been cut short into a buzz cut and the right side was shaped into the form of a laughing maw. Her left eye was concealed by a large mop of orange hair.

Her chest was covered by a simple, small black corset accompanied by a mini-jacket. Leggings adorned the rest of her, and a small charm laid around her neck, words inscribed as, 'Danny.'

Adara smiled sadly at the image, turning her attention back to Clockwork. "Soâ€| I'm going to ship her to prison then?"

At Clockwork's nod, she let out an exasperated sigh, a dry chuckle following not long after.

"Boy is she gonna hate me for thisâ€|"

As the girl left the lair, Clockwork fixed his attention back onto a new image. The same black haired, blue eyed boy was laughing at another boy, dressed in a simple tee and jeans, his strawberry blonde hair covered in green goo. Another boy stood nearby, dressed casually in a hoodie and jeans with sunglasses to conceal his appearance. He gave the blonde a smug look.

Two other boys stood nearby; one with short black hair, a simple black t-shirt and jeans, the other with darker tinted skin, white buzz-cut hair and wearing a red skin tight shirt, accompanied by skin tight jeans.

A girl hovered above the ground, grinning as her hand was frozen in place, trying to tuck back a wisp of rebellious auburn hair. Her hazel eyes gleamed with mischief as a bucket of jell-o was held above the boy's head, the majority of the contents already on his head.

The last member was sitting next to the black haired, blue eyed boy, dressed in a simple green shirt and black leggings, a bow and arrow charm around her neck. She was holding hands with the boy, and her smile said it all.

Clockwork watched as the image faded, and no longer were any of them laughing. Instead, the previous five had their backs turned to a boy whose hair was starch white, eyes a brilliant emerald green. His back was to them, and shadowy forms of the dead reached their arms towards him, desperate to drag him down to the agony he had made for himself.

The girl from before had her back to the boy as well, but her head was turned to see him, hand extended, eyes pleading, arm reaching

towards him.

And then the image changed once again. Gone was the girl, the shadowy forms and the other teenagers. Instead, the boy was clothed in malicious looking armor, a long black and green cloak flickering behind him. Above his head hovered a crown of flickering green flames and his eyes were crimson orbs. His white hair flickered like flames, and a ring adorned his finger.

Then the image changed to reveal the man once more, crown, cloak and armor discarded. The ring still adorned his finger, and upon his shoulders was a beaming little boy, his skin a blue-ish tint, short hair seemingly made of green flames. A little girl hung onto the man's hand, her white hair done into pigtails as she grinned up towards the man.

And then the children faded, revealing the man dressed in his crown, cloak and ring as he stormed the world of blue skies and breathing hearts, eradicating any sort of life in his way.

Clockwork sighed as he shifted into the form of an old man, long white beard and wrinkles the most prominent feature.

"Well now, young Daniel," He said to himself as more images formed, each spawned of different choices. "What will you choose?"

* * *

><p>The Promises ***I Made *****To You**

* * *

><p>Shorter than usual, but meh. I don't think you guys care at this point.

I NEED A BETA READER! COME ON, GUYS! I NEED A BETA!

Whoever can guess what I'm planning for this story [Gods is it obvious] shall get a cookie. ;p

_Well, next chapter, all shall be revealed! Will Dagger go with Young Justice? What is Adara up to? What kinds of secrets is Clockwork hiding? _

Find out next month, when I post another ridiculously long chapter!

[Updating schedule downgrading to once a month. Sorry, but hey! At least I'm not ditching this story]

GIVE ME 20 REVIEWS AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE AN OMAKE[EXTRA]!

5. Omake!

Told ya I'd make an Omake for you guys! This is a collection of small poems and tid-bits of random crap that will or will not be mentioned in this story.

I know. Sue me.

If you want to use one of my poems, PM/Review, and I will try to answer ASAP.

_Words in** bold** are the titles I give the poem, and _italicized_ words are when people talk. Underlined are phrases in poems I've asked to use from other authors and added my own lines inside._

* * *

><p>Danny Phantom and Young Justice doesn't belong to me, though most of these poems do!

* * *

><p>Omake!

* * *

><p>- In the End

From Black to White,

Sapphire to Emerald,

And Mortal to Spirit,

There will come a child

Who shall never belong,

As neither world will welcome him.

And yet he will fight,

Fight for his precious people,

And the worlds that despise him.

But there will come a time

When their savior will be destroyed

By the darkness,

Which will separate his souls

And turn Emerald to Ruby

As his precious people perish.

But one that is surrounded by the

Tick tock-tick tock,

Of clocks

Will see the child go from Black to White,

And from Sapphire to Emerald and permanently Ruby

Will say to himself and the
Tick tock-tick tock,
Of the many clocks,
_ "I shall change your fate, child of Black and White, _
_ And even though you may forget your precious people, _
_ As the Ones of White destroy the soul inside of you, _
_ Always remember _
_ That they will never forget you. " _
So the one that is surrounded by the
Tick tock-tick tock,
Of hundreds of clocks,
Will change the fate
Of the child of Black and White
And Sapphire and Emerald,
Destroying the Ruby
And saving his precious people
At a cost;
The Ones of White shall destroy him,
And corrupt his core,
And he shall feel nothing,
Not even the smallest of sparks.
But there will come a time,
When the child of Black and White
Will leave the Light
And find for himself
That Freedom is costly
But protecting your precious people
And falling in love
Would all be worth it...
Even if

He never will

Remember it

In the end.

* * *

><p>Omake!

* * *

><p>- A Third World

There are two worlds

One where the sky is blue

And the grass is green.

Where the ground is solid,

And there is color everywhere in-between.

In this world, everything breathes

And laughs

And cries.

This is the world where

Everything dies.

The second world

Has skies of green

Floating doors

And purple swirls everywhere in-between.

In this world,

There is no ground to walk upon

Since it had been destroyed long ago.

In this world,

Color is non-existent,

And in this world,

Everything is lonely

And seeking something

Or someone

To keep them company.
This is the world
Where the dead reside.
And if there was
A third world,
Only one would live there,
Without the second
That he had killed.
This child,
He belongs to neither world
As he is neither of the living
Nor of the dead.
This child
Is called a savior
Of both worlds,
And is the King of One
And Father in the Second.
And yet both worlds still reject him
Even if no one realizes it,
The silent boy
In the third world
Knows it
And accepts it
Even though
They will never
Accept him.

* * *

><p>Omake!

* * *

><p>- Beginning

He takes a deep breath,
And steps inside
His hand on the wall
His heart pounding inside
He glances back and sees
His best friends to some degree,
Giving him smiles and a thumbs up,
And he turned back,
Determined that their smiles were for something
Instead of nothing.
And yet, he tripped,
And his hand hit the wall,
And blinding pain seared through him.
Glowing green mist seeps into his soul,
And he opens his eyes to find he is different.
No longer is the Ebony hair and Sapphire orbs,
But now there was Snow white hair,
And Emerald eyes.
He is scared now,
Scared of what he has become,
And his friends are no longer smiling,
And he sees this,
And decides to see their smiles again,
For one last time.

* * *

><p>Omake!

* * *

><p>- Change

Can you tell me why

This life is a lie?

Because all I can see
Is my crimson eyes
That are seething.
Can you tell me why
This world is fake?
Because all I can see
Is what they can take.
Can you tell me why
I lost them way back when,
Because my un-beating heart aches
To see them again.
Can you show me how
I can end this pain
And the tear-less rain?
Because my soul aches
And threatens to break.
Can you show me how
I can end it today?
Because I am hurting
And begging for it to go away.
Can you show me how
I can get stronger?
Because I cannot bear
To see them die
Any longer.
Can you tell me why
You let this happen?
Because I don't know
What I have done,
But I am begging you -

Change what has happened,
And what will occur.

* * *

><p>Omake!

* * *

><p>-** Not alone.**

As his voice whispers in your ears,
Warns of cold and lonely years
That turn a wounded heart to stone
And hate that floods a world with tears.
Pain and sorrow, you have known,
Though roads ahead are still unknown.
Remember that this was once said -
"You are not alone."

* * *

><p>Omake!

* * *

><p>- So Far

I was raised in a world of White
Where the only choice
Is to obey the Light.
I was obedient and proper,
But scared of any type of monster.
The Ones of White,
They hated my core.
"What did I do to deserve this?"
I always wondered,
"Am I not doing well in the Trials?"
"Or is there another place where I have failed?"
Strapped to a cold table,

A man sharpens his scalpel
And the sanity leaves his eyes,
I tremble with fear,
Because this is where I could die.
I had a name,
But it was also a number.
"Subject Forty Three,"
Was what they called me
And I had no other title
Other than
Monster,
Freak,
Demon,
And
In-human.
Soon, a master, I was given
And finished was the process
To remove my mind
From reality.
Obey, I did,
Every command.
No complaint uttered,
No hesitation in my stance.
Protecting, I did well,
Something I enjoyed.
It was the only thing that remained,
In my broken mind.
But then I saw them
They were there to harm my master
And protect I did,

Fighting the ones
Who wished no harm to me.
One of them,
A telepath of the strongest kind,
Reached inside my mind
And changed everything
In my life.
Gone was the urge to obey,
And the title of 'Master,'
For I was free,
In a matter of speaking.
And now I cannot reveal
What will happen next,
For it is a secret
Even though I am dying to resist.

* * *

><p>Omake!

* * *

><p>- Abuse **by Devianta**

See me crying?

You did this.

See me falling?

I was pushed.

See me praying?

I'm hoping;

I'm hoping you won't knock again.

What if I'm not there;

Does it make a difference?

What if I disappear?

Would it help me?

Would it help any if I vanish?
Would you stop knocking?
Bash down the door,
Blame me for it.
Shatter all the windows;
Say I did it.
What if I walked away,
And say you made me?
What if I go away?
Would it help any?
What if I dove beneath,
And never came up?
Couldn't you make me
See I'm still needed
In this Tà¹•Đ³à, î"î·d Æ'Ñ•î±ÑfÑ"d reality?
I'd love to be loved,
And hope to be unhated,
I'd pray that tomorrow's Sun
Would be a little less gray.
I'd do all of this if only
The nightmare would end.
If only I...
Disappear into darkness.
You made me
Vanished into nighttime
And day never came
Cry a thousand tears;
I'll never wake.
You say good-bye;
I'll never speak.

What if I'm not here -

It made a difference.

What if I disappear -

It didn't help.

Would it help any if I vanish?

No it wouldn't.

Would you stop knocking,

If I could.

* * *

><p>Omake!

* * *

><p>- Fakery Tale

It's a strangely cold night,

A night where even I can fly through the sky

That body of mine disappeared;

Well then, where shall I go?

* * *

><p>Omake!

* * *

><p>Are the feels hitting you yet? Sure know I have a few.

Aaaanyways, comment and all that jazz! Know that an update will be soon! [Like, by next week soon. Pwomise.]

I will add Omake's here and there, [Some will be poems, others will be simple oneshots, and maybe a few lemons?].

IDK. ^^' So there you have it! Original poems from me! [But some don't even rhyme. SNIFF.]

And if you have an idea of a poem I should write for the story, or have one of your own, send it to me via PM/Review and I'll credit you fully as I type the next chapter!

BTW - Omake's will be RANDOM. I am still typing some up for the hell of it, and they're for the sole purpose of keeping you guys entertained while I type up the next chapter.

_Again, these won't be suuuper common, just know that they might pop

up here and there._

End
file.